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WHAT WE CAN EXPECT OF THE AMERICAN BOY.

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

OF course, what we have a right to expect of the American boy is that he shall turn out to be a good American man. Now, the chances are strong that he won't be much of a man unless he is a good deal of a boy. He must not be a coward or a weakling, a bully, a shirk, or a prig. He must work hard and play hard. He must be clean-minded and clean-lived, and able to hold his own under all circumstances and against all comers. It is only on these conditions that he will grow into the kind of American man of whom America can be really proud.

There are always in life countless tendencies for good and for evil, and each succeeding generation sees some of these tendencies strengthened and some weakened; nor is it by any means always, alas! that the tendencies for evil are weakened and those for good strength-

ened. But during the last few decades there certainly have been some notable changes for good in boy life. The great growth in the love of athletic sports, for instance, while fraught with danger if it becomes one-sided and unhealthy, has beyond all question had an excellent effect in in-reared manliness. Forty or fifty years ago the writer on American morals was sure to deplore the effeminacy and luxury of young Americans who were born of rich parents. The boy who was well off then, especially in the big Eastern cities, lived too luxuriously, took to billiards as his chief innocent recreation, and felt small shame in his inability to take part in rough pastimes and field sports. Nowadays, whatever other faults the son of rich parents may tend to develop, he is at least forced by the opinion of all his associates of his own age to bear himself well in

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manly exercises and to develop his body—and therefore, to a certain extent, his character—in the rough sports which call for pluck, endurance, and physical address.

Of course, boys who live under such fortunate conditions that they have to do either a good deal of outdoor work or a good deal of what might be called natural outdoor play, do not need this athletic development. In the Civil War the soldiers who came from the prairie and the backwoods and the rugged farms where stumps still dotted the clearings, and who had learned to ride in their infancy, to shoot as soon as they could handle a rifle, and to camp out whenever they got the chance, were better fitted for military work than any set of mere school or college athletes could possibly be. Moreover, to mis-estimate athletics is equally bad whether their importance is magnified or minimized. The Greeks were famous athletes, and as long as their athletic training had a normal place in their lives, it was a good thing. But it was a very bad thing when they kept up their athletic games while letting the stern qualities of soldiership and statesmanship sink into disuse. Some of the boys who read this paper will certainly sometime read the famous letters of the younger Pliny, a Roman who wrote, with what seems to us a curiously modern touch, in the first century of the present era. His correspondence with the Emperor Trajan is particularly interesting; and not the least noteworthy thing in it is the tone of contempt with which he speaks of the Greek athletic sports, treating them as the diversions of an unwarlike people which it was safe to encourage in order to keep the Greeks from turning into anything formidable. So at one time the Persian kings had to forbid polo, because soldiers neglected their proper duties for the fascinations of the game. To-day, some good critics have asserted that the reverses suffered by the British at the hands of the Boers in South Africa are in part due to the fact that the English officers and soldiers have carried to an unhealthy extreme the sports and pastimes which would be healthy if indulged in with moderation, and have neglected to learn as they should the business of their profession. A soldier needs to know how to shoot and take cover and shift

for himself—not to box or play football. There is, of course, always the risk of thus mistaking means for ends. English fox-hunting is a first-class sport; but one of the most absurd things in real life is to note the bated breath with which certain excellent Englishmen, otherwise of quite healthy minds, speak of this admirable but not over-important pastime. They tend to make it almost as much of a fetish as, in the last century, the French and German nobles made the chase of the stag, when they carried hunting and game-preserving to a point which was ruinous to the national life. Fox-hunting is very good as a pastime, but it is about as poor a business as can be followed by any man of intelligence. Certain writers about it are fond of quoting the anecdote of a fox-hunter who, in the days of the English Civil War, was discovered pursuing his favorite sport just before a great battle between the Cavaliers and the Puritans, and right between their lines as they came together. These writers apparently consider it a merit in this man that when his country was in a death-grapple, instead of taking arms and hurrying to the defense of the cause he believed right, he should placidly have gone about his usual sports. Of course, in reality the chief serious use of fox-hunting is to encourage manliness and vigor, and keep a man so that in time of need he can show himself fit to take part in work or strife for his native land. When a man so far confuses ends and means as to think that fox-hunting, or polo, or football, or whatever else the sport may be, is to be itself taken as the end, instead of as the mere means of preparation to do work that counts when the time arises, when the occasion calls—why, that man had better abandon sport altogether.

No boy can afford to neglect his work, and with a boy work, as a rule, means study. Of course, there are occasionally brilliant successes in life where the man has been worthless as a student when a boy. To take these exceptions as examples would be as unsafe as it would be to advocate blindness because some blind men have won undying honor by triumphing over their physical infirmity and accomplishing great results in the world. I am no advocate of senseless and excessive cramming in studies, but a

boy should work, and should work hard, at his lessons—in the first place, for the sake of what he will learn, and in the next place, for the sake of the effect upon his own character of resolutely settling down to learn it. Shiftlessness, slackness, indifference in studying, are almost certain to mean inability to get on in other walks of life. Of course, as a boy grows older it is a good thing if he can shape his studies in the direction toward which he has a natural bent; but whether he can do this or not, he must put his whole heart into them. I do not believe in mischief-doing in school hours, or in the kind of animal spirits that results in making bad scholars; and I believe that those boys who take part in rough, hard play outside of school will not find any need for horse-play in school. While they study they should study just as hard as they play football in a match game. It is wise to obey the homely old adage, "Work while you work; play while you play."

A boy needs both physical and moral courage. Neither can take the place of the other. When boys become men they will find out that there are some soldiers very brave in the field who have proved timid and worthless as politicians, and some politicians who show an entire readiness to take chances and assume responsibilities in civil affairs, but who lack the fighting edge when opposed to physical danger. In each case, with soldiers and politicians alike, there is but half a virtue. The possession of the courage of the soldier does not excuse the lack of courage in the statesman, and even less does the possession of the courage of the statesman excuse shrinking on the field of battle. Now, this is all just as true of boys. A coward who will take a blow without returning it is a contemptible creature; but, after all, he is hardly as contemptible as the boy who dares not stand up for what he deems right against the sneers of his companions who are themselves wrong. Ridicule is one of the favorite weapons of wickedness, and it is sometimes incomprehensible how good and brave boys will be influenced for evil by the jeers of associates who have no one quality that calls for respect, but who affect to laugh at the very traits which ought to be peculiarly the cause for pride.

There is no need to be a prig. There is no

need for a boy to preach about his own good conduct and virtue. If he does he will make himself offensive and ridiculous. But there is urgent need that he should practise decency; that he should be clean and straight, honest and truthful, gentle and tender, as well as brave. If he can once get to a proper understanding of things, he will have a far more hearty contempt for the boy who has begun a course of feeble dissipation, or who is untruthful, or mean, or dishonest, or cruel, than this boy and his fellows can possibly, in return, feel for him. The very fact that the boy should be manly and able to hold his own, that he should be ashamed to submit to bullying without instant retaliation, should, in return, make him abhor any form of bullying, cruelty, or brutality.

There are two delightful books, Thomas Hughes's "Tom Brown at Rugby," and Aldrich's "Story of a Bad Boy," which I hope every boy still reads; and I think American boys will always feel more in sympathy with Aldrich's story, because there is in it none of the fagging, and the bullying which goes with fagging, the account of which, and the acceptance of which, always puzzle an American admirer of Tom Brown.

There is the same contrast between two stories of Kipling's. One, called "Captains Courageous," describes in the liveliest way just what a boy should be and do. The hero is painted in the beginning as the spoiled, over-indulged child of wealthy parents, of a type which we do sometimes unfortunately see, and than which there exist few things more objectionable on the face of the broad earth. This boy is afterward thrown on his own resources, amid wholesome surroundings, and is forced to work hard among boys and men who are real boys and real men doing real work. The effect is invaluable. On the other hand, if one wishes to find types of boys to be avoided with utter dislike, one will find them in another story by Kipling, called "Stalky & Co.," a story which ought never to have been written, for there is hardly a single form of meanness which it does not seem to extol, or of school mismanagement which it does not seem to applaud. Bullies do not make brave men; and boys or men of foul life cannot become good citizens, good Ameri-

cans, until they change; and even after the change scars will be left on their souls.

The boy can best become a good man by being a good boy—not a goody-goody boy, but just a plain good boy. I do not mean that he must love only the negative virtues; I mean he must love the positive virtues also. "Good," in the largest sense, should include whatever is fine, straightforward, clean, brave, and manly. The best boys I know—the best men I know—are good at their studies or their business, fearless and stalwart, hated and feared by all that is wicked and depraved, incapable of submitting to wrong-doing, and equally incapable of being aught but tender to the weak and helpless. A healthy-minded boy should feel hearty contempt for the coward, and even more hearty indignation for the boy who bullies girls or small boys, or tortures animals. One prime reason for abhorring cowards is because every good boy should have it in him to thrash the objectionable boy as the need arises.

Of course, the effect that a thoroughly manly, thoroughly straight and upright boy can have upon the companions of his own age, and upon those who are younger, is incalculable. If he is not thoroughly manly, then they will not respect him, and his good qualities will count for but little; while, of course, if he is mean, cruel, or wicked, then his physical strength and force of mind merely make him so much the more objectionable a member of society. He cannot do good work if he is not strong, and does not try with his whole heart and soul to count in any contest; and his strength will be a curse to himself and to every one else if he does not have thorough command over himself and over his own evil passions, and if he does not use his strength on the side of decency, justice, and fair dealing.

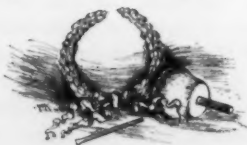
In short, in life, as in a football game, the principle to follow is:

Hit the line hard; don't foul and don't shirk, but hit the line hard!

THE SONG OF THE WORLD.

BY ISABEL BOWMAN FINLEY.

<p>THERE 's a song that the hammer is singing, A ringing and wholesome song, Of the day's bread won, Of the day's work done, Of a mold well cast In the fiery blast— And never one blow gone wrong.</p>	<p>There 's a song that the sails are singing, A humming and catching song, Of the prow that braves The ravening waves, Of storms outsailed, And of ports safe hailed— And never the helm gone wrong.</p>
<p>There 's a song that the engines are singing, A deep and echoing song, Of the whirring wheel And the burnished steel, From the lightest spring To the mightiest swing— And never a stroke gone wrong.</p>	<p>There 's a song that the world is singing, A resonant, splendid song, Of its work, work, work, With never a shirk, Of its battles won, Of its labors done— And of Right that masters Wrong!</p>



THE ARMS OF AHMED.

BY JULIA K. HILDRETH.

How cool and fresh it was after the glaring heat of the Indian day! The many doors and windows of the bungalow were thrown open to admit the sweetly scented breeze. The white curtains waved softly backward and forward under the deep-roofed veranda. From one of the apartments came a low, crooning sound: Golab, the *ayah*, or nurse, was singing the little one to sleep.

Ahmed, as he glided by, caught a glimpse of the lace-trimmed cradle, and dear little Percy's great blue eyes watching him.

Every one upon the plantation loved Baby Percy, or "Percy Baba," as the natives called him. He was not peaked and cross like most English children living in India, but smiling and rosy as the sky at dawn. But no one, not even the "Mem Sahib" herself, loved little Percy as did Ahmed. He worshiped the very ground upon which the child's tiny feet rested.

But Nurse Golab was a jealous old woman, and would scarcely allow Ahmed to look at her charge. He saw her white-robed figure crouching by the cradle now, and paused, half resolved to run in and touch his lips to the dimpled hand as it lay on the silken coverlet.

The child's bed stood midway in the long room, or, rather, hall; the door at each end was opened wide. From where he stood, Ahmed could see through the opposite doorway, in the distance, a tiny temple, a blue lake, and part of a dark bamboo thicket.

Before the boy could quite make up his mind to brave the *ayah*'s anger, she looked up, and warningly raised her dusky finger. So he went on, his bare feet making no sound on the veranda floor.

Presently he reached a small apartment with a hammock swung in one corner under a shelf decorated with rifles, pistols, a pair of foils, and a cartridge-belt. But none of these possessed the smallest attraction for Ahmed. He was searching for something he had that morning spied through the window.

"It is mine," he muttered, as his hand

touched the smooth surface of his little fife, a piccolo. "Old Golab had no right to take it from me."

He thrust the small musical instrument under his gown and darted away, fleet-footed as an antelope. Around the corner of the bungalow he hurried; through the garden, past the lotus-covered fountain with an empty water-jar upturned beside it; then, vaulting over a low brick wall, he sped along the rough cart-road leading to the mango-grove. As he came in sight of the ruined temple, he hesitated, for he thought he detected a movement in the dense shadow at the base. It might be the Burra Sahib—the master—and the hunters coming home. That morning they had left the plantation, armed to the teeth, and had gone into the thicket after the great man-eater which had been seen prowling around—the same beast, it was thought, which had seized a child of one of the natives as it lay asleep in the shade near a hut.

Ahmed knew that if the master returned he would be wanted at once; so, seating himself on a fallen tree, he watched the spot.

As he did so he passed his hand caressingly over the polished surface of the piccolo.

"Yes, it is mine," he muttered again. "No one has a right to take it from me; for my Chota Sahib gave it to me when he went away."

Then Ahmed musingly recalled how kind this young Englishman had been to him, and how much pains he had taken to teach him to bring music from the little flute in his hand.

Every one upon the plantation disliked the sound of its high, shrill tones. Even the dogs howled in chorus if he so much as placed it to his lips. So he and his "Chota Sahib," as Ahmed called the young Englishman, used to retire to this very mango-grove and practise together by the hour.

And Ahmed thought no sound could quite equal the beauty of the piccolo's clear notes. One day at lunch (called *dinner* in India), while he waited at table, a gentleman told a

story of how the effect of various musical sounds had been tried upon the animals in the Zoölogical Gardens in London. He said that while the tones of the violin had been received with signs of pleasure by the four-footed audience, the piccolo was universally detested, even the majestic lion and the fierce



"IT IS MINE," HE MUTTERED, AS HIS HAND TOUCHED THE SMOOTH SURFACE OF A PICCOLO."

Bengal tiger being cowed and terrified by its piercing notes.

This story had grieved Ahmed. He was somewhat comforted, however, when his friend and teacher had explained to him that the animals' dislike and fear of the instrument was no doubt caused by the effect of the high and rapid vibrations of sound produced by it on their extremely sensitive organs of hearing.

After the young Englishman left India, Ahmed had ventured to try a few notes of his beloved piccolo to amuse his darling Percy; but Golab had snatched it from his hand and hid it. That was two weeks before; and though he had since searched for it everywhere, it was only this morning that Ahmed had discovered its whereabouts. And now that it was once more in his possession, he determined to retain it thereafter.

Ahmed held the piccolo to his lips and tried all its stops softly, as he watched the distant bamboo thicket looming up against the level sky-line.

Nothing was stirring there now, and Ahmed had just time to decide that it was safe to proceed, when—something stole across the cart-road before him, and with a stealthy movement slunk into a field of sugar-cane standing between him and his master's dwelling.

The boy's breath came and went in gasps; for though the glimpse was but momentary, he had recognized the tawny, dark-striped coat of the dreaded tiger, the fearful man-eater.

To save himself was Ahmed's first thought; but instantly he remembered

the bungalow, with not a man about to protect the women and the children; and then suddenly the boy thought of dear, innocent, helpless little Percy lying in his cradle, a tempting morsel for the savage beast.

If Ahmed could only reach the house before the arrival of the crawling creature—in time to close the doors—the tiger might not enter, and the baby might be saved!



"THE TIGER MOVED BACKWARD A STEP, AS IF ASTONISHED AND TERRIFIED." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

With trembling limbs and chattering teeth, Ahmed skirted the tall, golden stalks of sugarcane, and with a step almost as noiseless as the tiger's own reached the brick wall of the garden. As he prepared to mount it, he saw that the tiger was there before him. It stood by the basin of the fountain upon which the great lotus-blossoms rested, greedily lapping the water. As Ahmed's hand touched the wall, the animal drew in its breath and flattened its fur, as though to reduce its size as far as possible, and crouching to the earth, slunk beneath the heavy foliage.

Instead of scaling the wall, the boy bent low and hurried on until he reached a small iron gate opening into the garden. Nothing obstructed his view of the bungalow, for the flowering shrubs and shade-trees all were on the other side. So he ran on toward the hall where only a few moments ago he had seen little Percy.

On the threshold he stumbled over the prostrate form of Golab the ayah. She lay face downward, too frightened to move.

His eyes took in the interior of the room at one glance, and ever afterward the scene

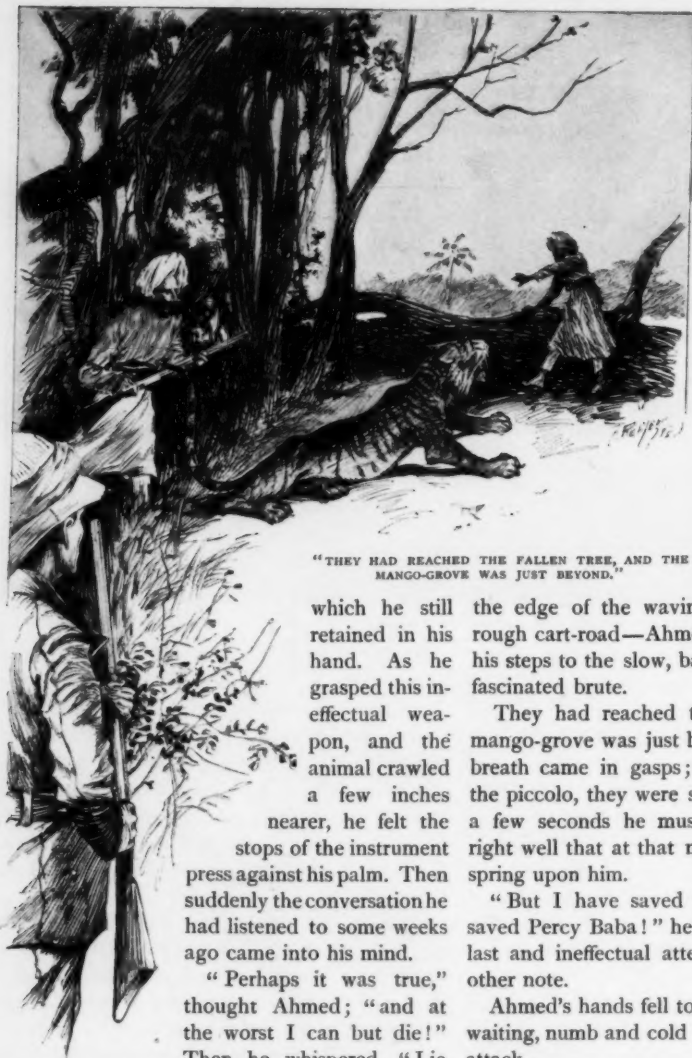
remained impressed upon his memory: the white cradle, the rosy occupant kneeling among the pillows, his hands resting on the rail, and his face, which wore a half-pleased, half-curious expression, turned expectantly toward the opposite door. The open portal framed the evening sky, glowing and golden; and low down on the veranda floor crouched the dark form of the tiger, motionless save for the waving of its tail.

Ahmed was afraid, and he knew he was afraid; but the sight of his idol's danger banished every thought of self, and with that disdain of life which in supreme moments marks the Indian native, he stepped over the body of Golab and planted himself between the baby and the savage beast.

The tiger raised its head, and its eyes glittered with rage; then with lowered head it again seemed to measure the distance that lay between itself and the boy.

"He will strike me from his path and seize my precious one!" thought Ahmed, in horror.

There was no means of defense within reach, and Ahmed dared not stir one inch from his place. He clutched firmly the slender piccolo,



"THEY HAD REACHED THE FALLEN TREE, AND THE MANGO-GROVE WAS JUST BEYOND."

still, Percy Baba!" and with a swift movement raised the piccolo to his lips.

The first wild notes which came from the instrument were like the shriek of agony. The crouching tiger started erect. Uttering a cry of rage at the next sound, it shook its great head, and the bristling hairs on the sides of its face stood out like brushes. Then it moved backward a step, as if astonished and terrified.

Noting this retreat, Ahmed stepped cautiously

which he still retained in his hand. As he grasped this ineffectual weapon, and the animal crawled a few inches nearer, he felt the stops of the instrument press against his palm. Then suddenly the conversation he had listened to some weeks ago came into his mind.

"Perhaps it was true," thought Ahmed; "and at the worst I can but die!" Then he whispered, "Lie

the edge of the waving sugar-cane, over the rough cart-road—Ahmed advancing and timing his steps to the slow, backward crawling of the fascinated brute.

They had reached the fallen tree, and the mango-grove was just beyond. Now Ahmed's breath came in gasps; his lips were glued to the piccolo, they were so dry. He felt that in a few seconds he must pause, and he knew right well that at that moment the tiger would spring upon him.

"But I have saved the little one—I have saved Percy Baba!" he thought, as he made a last and ineffectual attempt to draw forth another note.

Ahmed's hands fell to his sides, and he stood waiting, numb and cold with fear of the coming attack.

The tiger paused in its backward crawl, crouched low, and crept toward the boy again, with quivering haunches, blazing eyes, and bristling hair. Already its hind legs were braced for the spring, when—"Ping! ping! ping!"—three tiny spurts of flame darted from the bushes behind, and the tiger rolled over on its back, limp and lifeless.

The next moment Ahmed was surrounded by the three skilful hunters who had that

forward. Involuntarily his lips and fingers formed the notes of a wild native air. As he glided forward the great man-eating tiger drew ever backward; and so, with his dark eyes fixed on the big glistening orbs of the beast, Ahmed bravely followed, while the piccolo ever wailed and screamed forth the mournful music.

On went the strange pair, neither turning to the right or left, or removing his gaze from the other's eyes; down the gravel walk, out through the gate, along

morning gone in search of the dreaded monster now lying harmless at the feet of the fainting boy.

One of the hunters carried Ahmed home to the bungalow, taking the boy on his back, for Ahmed was for some little time too unstrung to walk.

It was Golab the ayah who, seated upon the floor weeping and wringing her hands in excitement, told the whole story: how she had been singing the baby to rest, and, glancing up, was horrified to see a pair of blazing eyes watching her; how she knew no more until the pic-

colo aroused her. Then she described minutely all that followed the coming of Ahmed.

From that day Ahmed was a privileged character. His piccolo might have been played in every corner of the place. No one—least of all old Golab—ever thought of denying him anything. The poor woman could never do half enough to repay the boy for rescuing her dear little charge from the dreadful man-eating tiger, whose skin now lay under Ahmed's hammock, and whose teeth, strung upon a golden cord, ornamented his breast as a trophy justly won by his courage and presence of mind.

MY GARDEN.

BY ERIC PARKER.



H, in my garden every day

It should be always playtime,
And every bird should have a nest,
And all the world be May-time!

And everywhere would be my own,
And there would grow together
White winter flowers and buttercups,
All in the sunny weather.

The rain should never come by day
To stop the blackbirds' singing;
The wind should only sometimes blow,
To set the bluebells ringing.

The butterflies would let me come
And look quite closely at them,
And birds and rabbits sit quite still
In case I wished to pat them.

And by the walks I'd watch a brook
Run in and out and under;
And then, could not the flowers do
Without the rain, I wonder?

Oh, in my garden every day
It should be always playtime,
And every bird should have a nest,
And all the world be May-time!

DAUB-O-LINKS.

BY CHARLES LOVE BENJAMIN.

(With Daub-o-link illustrations by Will H. Chandler.)

I FIRST made the acquaintance of the Daub-o-links at the home of an artist friend. Happening in one evening unexpectedly, I found him busily engaged in daubing printers' ink on a piece of window-glass, while his two children hung over the back of his chair in restless expectation, and "wondered" audibly what this Daub-o-link was to be. It turned out to be an owl. I learned the process, and resolved to tell others how the Daub-o-link is made.

I ought to explain first, however, that "vitreographs" is what the artist calls these Daub-o-links when he speaks of them to grown-up people. This is a word (he explains) signifying glass-prints, just as "lithograph" signifies something printed from stone. The artist's children, however, finding "vitreograph" a hard word to remember, and being more familiar with St. NICHOLAS'S famous Gob-o-links than they are with Greek roots, rechristened their father's vitreographs, and called them "Daub-o-links."

To make Daub-o-links you require a little printing-ink, a small, stiff paint-brush with short bristles, a bit of window-glass, a few wooden toothpicks, an old spoon, a few rags, and some blank sheets of paper.

The printing-ink you can get at any job-printer's or newspaper office for a few cents — five cents' worth would be a great plenty. The

brush will cost about ten cents at a paint-shop, and the window-glass perhaps ten cents more. If you happen to have old photographic negatives about the house, one of these, soaked in hot water and then scraped clean, will do quite as well. The blank sheets of paper on which the Daub-o-links are printed should be a little larger than the glass, and should be of the variety known as "uncoated" paper. With these materials at hand you are ready to make Daub-o-links.

The easiest way to set to work (supposing you have not the artistic ability to make free-hand Daub-o-links) is to select a picture to copy. Place the plate of glass over the picture to be copied (let us take, for example, the marine view that appears at the end of this article), and with your bristle brush dab a little of the ink thinned with kerosene over the image as seen through the glass plate. Never mind if you do happen to run the ink a little

over the edges of the picture; that can be cleaned up afterward with the linen rag. Be careful, however, to lay the ink firmly, but evenly, on such parts of the picture as appear dark, and to smear it less thickly on the lighter portions. The best plan is to lay the ink thinly



SOUNDING "TAPS."

over the whole picture at first, and then to gradually work up to the solid blacks. Let me say here that pictures that are rich in shadows invariably give the best results when reproduced by the Daub-o-link process.

Having, as an artist would say, "blocked in" your marine, rub the ink thin in the sky part with your finger. Then, with the rag twisted over the handle of your paintbrush, wipe out the moon—in one wipe, if you can. Next put a little more ink on the water, and smooth it straight across with your finger to give the rippled effect. Then add the sheet of white paper, which will enable you



AT THE EDGE OF THE MOOR.

moon on the water and the rays from the lighthouse are scratched in (or out) with the toothpick. If these directions have been followed carefully, your picture will now look very well, except where the ink has been smeared over the margin. To clean this away, take the rag between the thumb and forefinger, and draw it straight along the edges of the picture until all superfluous ink is removed. To judge of the result of your work, you should every now and then lift the glass plate carefully from the copy and place it over a



BESIDE THE RIVER.

portions of your copy require more ink, and which should have less.

The finishing touches having been given to your plate, you will be ready to take an impression. This is done by laying a sheet of blank paper over the inked surface of the glass, covering this with another sheet of paper (or, better yet, with a bit of thin cardboard), and rubbing over the whole surface of the paper with the back of a spoon. Be careful to hold the paper firmly while you rub it, or your impression may be blurred. When you think you have rubbed enough, hold the paper by pressing your fingers firmly along the lower edge, and carefully peel back the upper portion, to see

how the Daub-o-link progresses. If the proof appears pale and indistinct in parts, continue the rubbing a little longer, and with a little more pressure over the portions you wish to bring out more clearly. When the impression is sharp and distinct, you have rubbed enough, and may peel the proof from the plate entirely.

A little practice will make you perfect in the details of the work, and when once you have mastered these you need not spend more than ten minutes in copying a subject that presents no greater difficulties than this marine. It is,

however, quite possible to spend hours on a single picture, and some that I have seen, retouched with India ink, so closely resemble etchings that one has to look twice before he is convinced that they are not expensive proofs from the print-sellers, and really nothing more than aristocratic Daub-o-links.

I need hardly point out that, aside from the fun of making them, the Daub-o-links lend themselves very readily to decorative purposes. Menus, tally-cards, and valen-

tines are a few of the many pretty things that can be made by the practised Daub-o-linker.

Brown, red, green, and other colored inks can, of course, be used instead of black, if desired, and I have seen Daub-o-links in which two colors were combined with charming effect. But this was the work of an expert. The beginner will do well to stick to one color (not necessarily black), and, if variety is desired, to vary the tint of the sheet of paper on which the Daub-o-link is printed.

When your impression is taken, a few drops of turpentine and a little brisk rubbing with an old rag will clean the glass plate, which may then be used again.

In using the spoon to take the prints, the thumb is usually put into the bowl and the rounded part is moved with an *even pressure* over every part of the paper. The glass plate should rest upon some firm but not too hard surface that is flat; a



A DAUB-O-LINK PORTRAIT.



THE KITTENS' SUPPER-TIME



A DESERTED HOUSE.

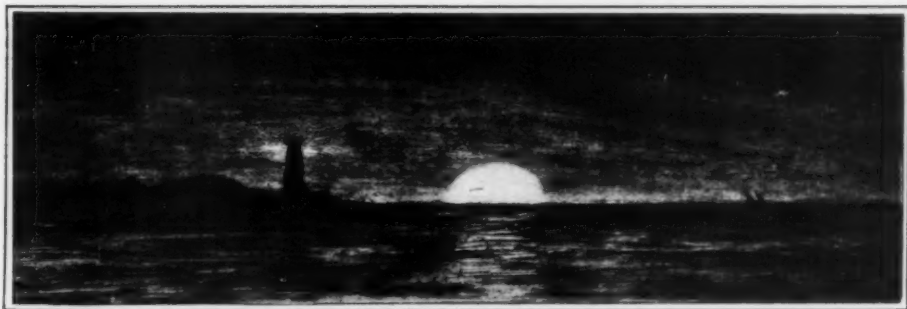
table covered with a cloth does very well. If you have an artistic friend you will do well to apply to him or her for advice in carrying out the directions here given. As in all artistic processes, the result depends upon care and taste in every portion of the work.

It will be well for the young makers of Daub-o-links to remember that printers' ink is fond of traveling, and will not be likely to confine itself to the saucer or other receptacle in which you place it. It will be likely to appear on the young artists' fingers and faces and clothing unless used with much discretion. So put on

some old aprons before you begin, and be sure you confine your picture-making to that part of the house where the ink will do least damage.

Only one good printing can be made from each Daub-o-link; so be very careful to put the paper upon the painted glass without letting it slip. In removing it, also, do not let it slip, or it will make your picture a smudge.

Try very simple pictures at first, until sure you understand the whole process. When the art is learned you will be able to point proudly to really artistic Daub-o-links, and may become in future days a Daub-o-linker of renown.





A MAY-DAY PICNIC IN CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK.

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THE ENCHANTED ADJUTANT-BIRD.

BY TUDOR JENKS.

ONCE there were two sisters whose father was a powerful magician. They lived in the city of Delhi, and the sisters went every evening beyond the walls to draw water from a well noted for its purity.

Often when they sat by the well after filling the water-jar they would hear the sweep of great wings above, and a solemn adjutant-bird would descend from the sky to drink of the sweet waters.

The elder sister, Maya, did not like the immense bird, and would draw away from him. But the younger sister, Radha, admired his strong beak and smooth feathers. She was fond of magic and had learned from her father much wisdom about all the creatures of the earth. So, as time went on, Radha and the adjutant-bird became friendly; and when Radha had learned the speech of birds, she loved to talk with him about the regions he saw in his flights—of the mighty passes and snow-topped peaks of the Himalayas, of the sandy deserts, the choked jungles, the smooth rivers, the ever-moving throngs in and about the great cities.

One evening it happened that the father of the girls came with Radha to the well, for the elder sister was busy at home. The magician listened to the adjutant-bird's talk, and as he sat near eyed the bird closely.

When the father and daughter were at home again, the magician called Radha into his private study and said:

"My daughter, hast thou ever noticed that on the very top of the adjutant's head there is a lock of black hair?"

"I have seen it," she answered, "but I have thought nothing of it."

"Thou art young in our art," her father said, "but I thought thou knewest enough to understand the meaning of that tuft of hair."

"Nay, father," Radha replied. "Pray lend me your wisdom. What does it mean?"

"This is no adjutant-bird, but a human being changed thus by enchantment. To-morrow in the evening, when thou art at the well, wear this scarf over thine eyes, and on thy return tell me what thou hast seen."

So Radha took the silken veil her father drew from a carved box of cedar, and did not fail to wear it the next time she was at the well.

"Daughter, what didst thou see?" was her father's question on her return.

"O father," she exclaimed, "no sooner was the veil over my eyes than, in the stead of the dear, ugly old adjutant-bird, behold! I saw a young man with hair and eyes raven-black, dressed in cloth of gold, in silks, with jeweled turban, and sword hilted and cased in carved ivory and precious gems that sparkled rainbows! I could not keep from crying aloud in my surprise, and then my sister Maya ran to me, and the young man—the adjutant-bird—flew away. What can it mean?"

"That, daughter, I know not. The bird, no doubt, is an enchanted prince, but why, and how, and by whom thus changed we shall not know until he resumes his true shape—that in which thou sawest him through the veil."

"Can you bring the prince back to his own shape?"

"Yes, daughter," answered the magician; "I see no reason to question that. But, though I shall give thee a little blue vial containing so powerful a fluid that a few drops of it sprinkled upon the feathers of this enchanted bird will be enough to restore to him whatever has been taken from him by enchantment,—so that he will at once resume his true person,—yet thou must first promise me not to use it without the bird's own consent."

"It shall be so," replied Radha; and she added, laughing, "I have no fear that he will not be glad to take back his own shape."

"Very well," said the magician; "to-morrow the vial shall be thine."

Radha was so impatient that the next day seemed long; but at length the sun sank to westward, and she took her way toward the well.

When the adjutant-bird had descended, Rad-

and she slowly lowered her uplifted hand. Then he spoke:

"Maiden," said he, "with all my heart I thank thee. Thou hast meant to do me a kindness; that I know. Yet I cannot say the words thou wouldst hear. I have passed many, many years in my present shape, and I know not



"I HAVE HEARD A THOUSAND MEN WISH TO BE BIRDS, BUT I NEVER HEARD A BIRD WISH HE WAS A MAN."

ha could not wait a moment. She drew forth the little blue vial and held it toward him.

"I have learned of a great mystery," she exclaimed. "Know, O adjutant-bird, that thou art not a fowl of the air, but an enchanted prince. I have but to sprinkle a few drops of this powerful fluid upon thee, and thou wilt again be man. But my father, who is a great magician, has asked a promise of me that, before restoring thee to thy true shape, I will gain thy consent. Say but the words, 'I consent,' then, and behold! thou wilt become a human being!"

She held aloft the blue vial, and, flushed and smiling, awaited the consenting words.

But the bird for a few moments said nothing,

whether I was ever different. I fly through the air above the cities and the rivers and the lands, and I view mankind. I see them at work and at play; I see them in war and in peace; but never have I seen the man—be he laborer or prince—who is so free and so independent as a bird. I am at home in the water, in the air, and on land. I need neither boat, balloon, nor bungalow. I obey no laws. I do not have to study. I need no shield from the sun or shelter from the rain. I have no clothes to buy, no rent to pay, no mending to do. I can go where I like, stay where I please, find a living anywhere. I have heard a thousand men wish to be birds, but I never heard a bird wish he was a man.

"No, Radha. I will not consent to be changed into a man. Suppose I had discovered that thou art an enchanted bird, and suppose I held the vial, wouldst thou consent to become a bird — an eagle, a hawk, a raven, an adjutant-bird?"

"No," Radha answered thoughtfully; "I would not dare to change."

"Nor do I," said the adjutant-bird. "And for fear of the blue vial, I shall now fly far away from this city of Delhi, and its ruins of six or

more other cities that men have destroyed one after another. Good-by, Radha."

So saying, the adjutant-bird rose slowly into the air, and gradually became smaller and smaller, till it joined a flock of its kind over the river Jumna, and was lost to Radha's view.

Radha went sorrowfully home and told her father. He did not seem surprised. Putting the blue vial carefully away, he locked the box that held it, saying only:

"Sensible bird!"

MY PERSIAN KITTEN.

BY JULIE FAY SHIPMAN.

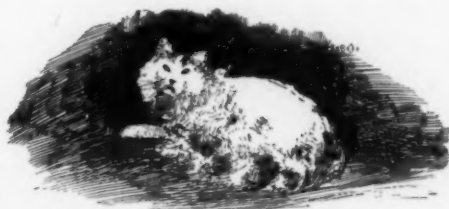
I 've a little Persian kitten—
Such a cunning one, my dears!
Just a bunch of wool and whiskers,
Short snub-nose, and pointed ears;
Sort of buff-and-yellow-colored,
With a big tail like a plume—
Perfect imp of fun and mischief
As he plays about the room.

Such a buffy little, fluffy little, muffy little
kit!

In the morning, just at daylight,
He comes begging for his milk;
Then he washes up sedately
Till his fur is fine as silk;
Then for playtime—all the daytime
He just romps about the house
After string, or spool, or curtain,
Or imaginary mouse.

Such a funny little, sunny, worth-your-money
little kit!

When worn out with play and frolic,
Then he 'll softly toward me creep—
Little kits like you, my dearies,
All must have their beauty-sleep.
Down beside me he will cuddle,
Warm and cozy, like a nest.
Looks just like a ball of worsted?
No; it 's kitty gone to rest.
Such a furry little, purry, never-worry little kit!



PRETTY POLLY PERKINS.

BY GABRIELLE E. JACKSON.

CHAPTER I.

POLLY.

"POLLY! Polly! Come here this minute," cried a high-pitched, nervous voice; and an anxious-faced woman looked out of the buttery window of a quaint New England farmhouse.

"Where in the name of the people has that child gone, I'd like to know?" continued the voice. "All those city folks a-comin' at twelve o'clock, and just about fifty things to be done!"

"Here I am, ma," answered a soft voice from a clump of bushes which grew about fifty feet from the buttery door. "I just ran down to give 'Bonny' those apple-parings, and to tell her I loved her dearly."

"Well, I reckon she knows that already, 'cause you tell her so at least fifty times a day; and I know she ain't a mite hungry, for 't ain't half an hour since you just fair filled her up with bread and milk."

"Law sakes!" the woman continued to herself, "what in the world am I goin' to do with that child? She ain't no more like her brothers and sisters than I 'm like — that calf out yonder."

This was quite true. Mrs. Perkins, a most energetic woman, had gone through the forty years of her life without the faintest realization of what she was missing by failing to discover the softer side of existence. Her days were filled with a busy round of work and duties, not one of which must be neglected. Her home was spotless from garret to cellar, and the four children lacked ~~nothing~~ of bodily comforts. Each boy and each girl was scrupulously neat, from gingham sunbonnets and wool caps straight down to home-knit stockings and socks. A string gone from a sunbonnet or a hole in a sock would have been a source of mortification too dreadful to contemplate, and the mother lived in a feverish state of anxiety lest so great a disgrace should some day fall upon her.

To the three older children this state of affairs in the home was quite a matter of course. Their mother had always bustled about, and kept them bustling too, ever since they could toddle, and so they continued to bustle, and never, excepting when sleep came to their rescue, knew what it meant to be perfectly quiet.

Josiah, the eldest, a lad past sixteen, and commonly known as "Josh," was a tall fellow, and his father's right-hand man on the farm.

His sister Ruth, two years his junior, was a veritable housewife, a second edition of her mother, and perfectly satisfied if the loaves of bread turned out of the pans in tempting brown hills, or the currant jelly—in Yankee parlance—"jelled" properly.

Bob, the third child, was thirteen, and certainly had managed to concentrate within himself all the fun which should have been distributed among the entire four. But the two elder children seemed to have missed their share in some way, and little Polly, the youngest of all, did not need the fun to increase her charms.

Polly was ten years old, and that Polly belonged to the Perkins family seemed queer. She seemed like a little wild flower growing among cucumber-vines, turnips, tomatoes, and other necessary garden plants.

She was a small child, most daintily proportioned, with delicately formed features, and her eyes were as big, brown, and soft as those of the little Alderney calf she loved so dearly. Her complexion was like a wild rose, and her mouth as prettily curved as its petals. The hands seemed formed for dainty work only, and the small feet, that danced along so lightly, seemed imprisoned in the stout, "good-wearin'" shoes which covered them.

Altogether, Polly seemed to have been dropped into the wrong home.

As she walked up the path to the buttery door, she made as pretty a picture as one could wish for. The little sunbonnet had fallen from



"MRS. PERKINS SOON HAD HER GUESTS COMFORTABLY ESTABLISHED IN THEIR CHEERY QUARTERS." (SEE PAGE 592.)

her head, and was hanging by its strings, revealing all the pretty brown hair.

"I'm coming, ma, and I won't be two little minutes redding up the pantry," she said, as she came in the door. "But Bonny is so good, and loves me so, that I just can't leave her alone out there all morning."

"I reckon she 'll keep," said Mrs. Perkins. "And, Polly, I want you to fly around right smart, and get the pantry red up. Land sake! if Mrs. Temple and that delicate leetle creeter should get here before I have their rooms fresh aired, I'd be just mortified to death!" Away the housewife bustled to air and dust the three bedrooms, which were already as sweet and fresh as sunshine, willing hands, and soap and water could make them.

Meanwhile Polly set about her work of putting in order the pantry, and at once went off into a little world of her own.

"Now, I'm going to make believe I'm a princess," she said to herself, "and that all these shiny pans and spoons are solid, solid silver. How I wish," she continued, "that I could find the other leaves of that fairy-book I found in the attic so long ago! It is such a lovely story, and I don't know what became of the princess after the prince found his way into the palace. How nice it must be to be a princess, and have a lovely room, and all sorts of pretty things! I wonder if ma would let me fix up my room and make it pretty? Just as soon as I've done my work—and I'll do it extra nice—I'll ask her." She flew about like the little fairy she was, and soon had the pantry as neat as skilled hands and artistic tastes could make such an every-day affair.

Meantime the footsteps flew about overhead as all was made ready to welcome their city guests.

In the midst of the bustling a bonny face appeared at the door, and Polly said, "Ma, may I come in and put on the frillies?"

"The what?" asked the astonished woman.

"The frillies—just the little fix-ups that I know Mabel would like to see if she is tired by her journey."

"What more can she want to see, I'd like to know, than a nice clean room?" her mother inquired, turning squarely toward her daughter.

"Why, I think she 'd like some posies, ma, and the things set sort of handy-like, don't you?" said the little maid, and she placed a table, with the lamp upon it, near the old sofa, set the rocking-chair in the sunny window, and then ran out into the garden to gather a bunch of roses and pansies. Returning to the room, she put her posies into a little china vase from the high mantel-shelf, and, after placing them upon the table by the sofa, stood still in the middle of the room to admire the effect, for Mrs. Perkins had now gone about other duties.

"I wonder if ma would let me bring down some of the pretty things in the attic? I'll ask her," said Polly to herself.

She flew down to the kitchen, where Mrs. Perkins was already busy with her preparations for dinner, and received the permission as soon as her mother was able to take her mind from the dumplings she was making.

"Ma, do you mind if I go up garret and get out some things to fix up my room pretty, and the blue quilt to put in Mabel's room?"

"Blue quilt! Why, 't ain't winter, child! What do they want of a great, heavy quilt like that?"

"No; I know they won't want it to keep warm with, but just to look pretty. Ma, please do!"

"The idea of a quilt bein' pretty! Land sake! who ever heard such nonsense! But go 'long and get your quilt, and let me be, for I'm clear rushed with this dinner. If them dump-lin's don't turn out light, I just believe I'll give up!"

"Oh, they 'll be nice, ma; they always are," said the little daughter, who was never known to say anything depressing, but who went through life making bits of sunshine for all about her.

CHAPTER II.

POLLY'S TREASURE-HOUSE.

THE garret was a sort of Aladdin's palace to Polly, for here were all the cast-off belongings of at least three generations. It was a very treasure-house of beautiful possessions. Quaint old mahogany stands, dressing-tables, sofas, and chairs were pushed off in dark corners, as too old-fashioned and worn to be of any use in the

present day. Chests of camphor-wood and red cedar contained hangings and wearing apparel that had belonged to grandmothers of previous generations; for the "Perkinses," as their neighbors called them, had lived in Endmeadow since Pilgrim days, and had formerly possessed more of this world's goods than the present branch boasted. But now only a small proportion of his forefathers' wealth remained for Mr. Perkins. True, they lacked no creature comforts, but long years of yielding had exhausted the soil, never too fertile, and the country had grown beyond the little homestead, and the world was so much bigger.

Perhaps Polly inherited the beauty, graces, and artistic tastes of some of the ancestors whose portraits were tucked away behind the dusty old beams, and longed to enjoy the things their more cultivated tastes had delighted in.

Making straight for the old cedar chest, she took from it a pretty blue-and-white quilt, and carried it downstairs, to spread it upon the old sofa. To drape it gracefully was simple work for Polly's artistic little fingers. She was delighted with its appearance, and flew back to the attic to rummage on her own account. And the chest held wonderful treasures—far more wonderful than little Polly guessed, quick as she was to appreciate the beautiful. First she brought to light a curiously woven white bed-spread. Then followed a table-cover of silk and silver threads, with funny little balls of silk and silver all around its edge. Next she came upon some quaint old dimity draperies, and was enraptured. "Just the very things," she cried, "if ma will only let me put them up! I won't even ask her, but when I get the room done I'll call her to look at it—and won't she be surprised!" And Polly clapped her hands delightedly. "Now, that's all I want out of you, dear old chest; so good-by till I come again."

For one round hour Polly worked hard, and at the end of that time the little room was transformed into a cozy nest.

"Now I'll run out and find Josh, and he'll put up the nails for my curtains, I guess."

Off danced Polly, and found Josh out in the kitchen-garden weeding peas and beans. He laughed, but came at once.

Kindly Josh soon had the nails driven, and the

curtains were put up by running a stout cord through the valance at the top.

Polly gave a finishing touch by tying them back with pieces of ribbon from among her few stored-away treasures, and then she pronounced all finished, and stood with Josh at the door to admire the effect.

"You're the queerest kid I ever see!" was his characteristic remark.

"Why, don't you like to look at pretty things, Josh?" asked Polly. "I do. It makes me feel sort of happy all over."

When Josh and Polly reached the foot of the stairs, they found Mrs. Perkins in the cleanest of starched print gowns, and Ruth standing beside her in an immaculate blue-and-white-checked gingham.

"You'd just better fly upstairs and make yourself fit to be seen before pa comes back with Mrs. Temple," said Mrs. Perkins to Polly. "Sakes alive! where can he be?" she repeated for the twentieth time. "Seems to me it takes him dretful long. Ruth, run down to the gate and see if he's in sight."

Sedate Ruth went to the gate, and then came hurrying back with the glad news that her father's carryall was just turning in from the cross-roads.

Josh fled precipitately.

CHAPTER III.

THE NEW BOARDERS ARRIVE.

OUT bustled Mrs. Perkins to welcome the tired travelers, whose journey from New York had been trying to the delicate little invalid, and a source of considerable anxiety to those who cared for her so tenderly.

Mrs. Temple, a refined woman, upon whose sweet face rested marks of care and sorrow, was warmly greeted by her hostess.

"My land! you must be clear tuckered out and just ready to drop down! There, there! don't try to help that dear child; just let me take her right in my arms and carry her upstairs. She ain't a mite heavy, I know, and not much bigger than Polly, either."

"Oh! I fear it will be too much for your strength," said Mrs. Temple, "and Miss

Wheeler and I can manage very nicely, thank you."

"Please let Mrs. Perkins carry me if she wants to, dear. She looks so strong and well that it makes me feel stronger just to look at her," said Mabel, stretching her arms out to Mrs. Perkins.

"That's right!" exclaimed the delighted woman. "You come right along with me, and

"Now, you must be well-nigh starved," she said, when she had given the final touch to the rooms, "and I'll fly straight downstairs and dish up your dinner. Poor little lamb! she's all tucked out."

Mabel, in her helpless state, seemed to appeal to the kindly woman as none of her own strong, healthy children could.

Meanwhile, where was little Polly? Although



POLLY BRINGS MABEL HER SUPPER. (SEE PAGE 594.)

in two minutes we'll have you all settled, just as comfortable as a kitten!"

Upstairs she went, carrying Mabel as easily as if she had been a baby, and followed closely by Mrs. Temple, Miss Wheeler, and Mr. Perkins, carrying bags, wraps, and bundles galore.

Placing the tired child upon the sofa that Polly's dainty touch had made so attractive, Mrs. Perkins bustled about and talked as fast as her tongue would let her. In less time than it takes to tell it, she had her guests comfortably established in their cheery quarters.

not usually shy, she had been suddenly stricken with a sort of stage-fright at sight of the city people to whom she was unaccustomed. She had remained in her room during all the hubbub of their arrival. But now peace-loving Polly ventured forth and crept noiselessly downstairs to the dining-room. From her window she had noted all that had happened, and had seen Mabel carried into the house, at which sight the soft brown eyes had filled with tears of quick sympathy.

"Oh, how sorry I am!" she said to herself.

"Ma said she was not strong, but she did n't say she could n't walk a bit!"

While Polly's generous little heart is planning unselfish deeds, let us take a moment to tell something of the object of her generous thoughts.

Mr. and Mrs. Temple's home was in New York City, on one of the prettiest of its West Side streets, only a short distance from the Seventy-second Street entrance to Central Park. It lacked nothing that ample means could provide or wise affection suggest. Mabel, their only child, a dainty little creature of twelve summers, was a very fortunate child, for her father and mother had few pursuits in which she was not included. All their outings were shared with her, and not the least pleasant of these was wheeling. Many a pleasant morning found them in the park, and many turned to look at the sweet-faced mother, the handsome father, and the bonny little maid as they spun gaily by, laughing and talking together.

But one bright morning the laughter was turned to tears, for just at the head of the Mall a runaway horse dashed upon them, and before a breath could be drawn it plunged into the little party. Mr. and Mrs. Temple escaped unhurt, save for a few scratches, but poor little Mabel lay motionless against the stonework which formed the entrance to the stairs leading down to the fountain.

For days and weeks her fate hung in the balance, and at last, when they dared to believe she was to be spared to them, it was only to learn she might never be able to walk again.

It is hard to realize what this meant to Mr. and Mrs. Temple. The famous physician who attended her could give little promise of her entire recovery, but said that he hoped a great deal from her strong constitution and perfect health.

During the long and trying winter the poor little invalid experienced many a weary hour, and in the spring the doctor ordered her away to the country. After much consultation, Endmeadow was chosen, a quaint little New England hamlet far enough removed from cities to be well out of their bustle and progress, and yet not so far from New York as to render it

impossible for Mr. Temple to run out for his Sunday visits.

Through friends, the Temples learned of the Perkins's cozy farm and the many comforts it could give them.

The sweet June days found them established in their comfortable quarters, with kind Mrs. Perkins to hover and fuss about them like one over-careful hen with a numerous and strangely assorted brood of chickens.

The year had seemed a discouraging one to those who had watched Mabel so closely, but nature, that gentle and efficient nurse, had been busy all these months, and her two best remedies, youth and a strong constitution, had been working a wonderful change, too subtle to be noticed by mortal eyes. The sunny little Mabel was gradually regaining her strength, but so very, very slowly that those about her scarcely realized it.

It is not often that one finds between mother and child such good-comradeship as existed between Mabel and her mother. Perhaps the secret lay in the fact that Mrs. Temple never forgot how the world looks "when life is young," and consequently entered fully into Mabel's pleasures and plans. Mabel's young face, with its fair, soft skin, was thoughtful beyond her years. Her especial beauty was her hair. It was rich in its gold and like spun silk in its softness, and fell about her face and shoulders in soft, curling masses. The great, dark-brown eyes, shaded by their long, beautiful lashes, could sparkle with merry laughter, but at times had a questioning look as if asking something she but dimly comprehended.

CHAPTER IV.

POLLY'S INTRODUCTION.

"Is my dear little daughter too tired to be carried down to her chair?" asked Mrs. Temple, awhile later, when the room had been settled and she and Miss Wheeler were about to obey the summons to dinner.

"I am afraid so," answered Mabel. "If you don't mind, I'll just stay here where I can rest on this pretty couch until you have finished your dinner, and then I can have mine."

"Indeed, you shall have yours at once!" broke in Miss Wheeler, "for I shall bring it to you myself."

"Dear Miss Wheeler, you are always thinking of me!" answered Mabel. "Sometimes I think I don't want to grow strong for a long time, because if I do you will have to go away, and then I don't know what I *shall* do."

"Do you know," said mama, quickly, "I have decided that we can't possibly let Miss Wheeler leave us for a long, long time, but must keep her with us even after you are quite well and strong; for, you see, she has been able to know only the invalid Mabel, and we want her to know something of the bright little girl you soon will be again."

At the foot of the broad, winding stairs they met Mrs. Perkins, who led the way to the dining-room, where the "Perkinses" were assembled in force. Mr. Perkins, a quiet, undemonstrative man, sat at the foot of the table, ready to serve the steaming New England chicken stew, which, with its great, flaky white dumplings, had caused poor Mrs. Perkins so much unnecessary anxiety.

"Here we be, pa!" cried Mrs. Perkins, as she hurried to her seat at the head of the table, "and so hungry I dare say there won't be a mite of dinner wasted. Mrs. Temple," she continued, "these be my boys and girls, and you 'll find their pa and ma pretty well favored by 'em — all but Polly; she 's just Polly."

"A little sweet P, and I 'm very glad my seat is to be next to the little flower," said Mrs. Temple, with a smile that went straight to Polly's little heart; for it was just such words and cheery smiles that the little life had lacked.

"I 'm so sorry Mabel felt too tired to come downstairs," she continued, "but if you will let Miss Wheeler have a tray, she will carry some of this delicious chicken up to her at once."

In about two minutes good Mrs. Perkins had all ready; but just as Miss Wheeler was about to leave the dining-room, Polly plucked up courage to ask:

"Mrs. Temple, if you don't mind, could I — may I take up the tray to Mabel?"

"You, dear! Are n't you too small to manage that large tray and such a load of good things? I 'm afraid it will be almost too heavy."

"Oh, no, it won't; I can do it; please let me; I'd love to!" said Polly, all in one eager breath.

"I 'll have it fixed in two minutes," said kind Miss Wheeler. "You carry the glass of milk, lest it should spill, and bring your own as well, and you and Mabel shall dine together. You can make believe you are lunching with a friend, and have great fun." And away went Miss Wheeler, who was never at a loss to find a happy solution to a question concerning little people.

"Make believe" — how Polly's heart bounded at the words! All her short life she had been living in a land of make-believe, herself the sole inhabitant.

"Ting-a-ling-ling-ling! Is Miss Temple at home?" asked Miss Wheeler, as she pretended to ring a door-bell at Mabel's door.

"I think she is," answered a happy voice from within, for Mabel was used to the make-believe pranks.

"Miss Polly Perkins has come to lunch with you, and has brought along the luncheon. I hope you won't consider it an unusual thing to do, but knowing you had just arrived, she feared you might not have your house settled yet, or your cook might have missed the train, or the butcher-boy had taken your order to the wrong house. Oh, dear me! so many things might happen, you know; and I do assure you, Miss Perkins has a most superior cook, and she has brought you a very good proof of it."

And chatting gaily in order to put the children at their ease, Miss Wheeler arranged the contents of the tray temptingly upon the table beside the couch, placed a chair for Polly, and announced, with a deep curtsy: "Ladies, your luncheon is served."

Mabel laughed and entered into the spirit of the fun at once, but Polly looked mystified.

"Are we truly to have our dinner together up here, and make believe we 're big folks?" she asked, as if such frivolities upon such a serious occasion were not to be countenanced.

"To be sure you are," cried Miss Wheeler. "Play you are Persian princesses or Japanese empresses, if you want to, and I 'll be — well, I guess I 'll be Bridget, if Persian princesses or Japanese empresses have Bridgets." And she slipped away to the dining-room.

Upstairs all progressed most delightfully.

Mabel soon put little Polly at her ease, and in five minutes they were talking eagerly.

"Oh, I know I 'm going to be so happy here!" said Mabel; "for as soon as I am rested, Miss Wheeler will take me out under the trees, and fix me comfortably on the grass, and then you can bring your pets to see me. Have you some? Tell me about them, please."

"Well, first and best of all is Bonny, the little calf. She is so sweet and loves me dearly."

Then Polly told Mabel many funny stories about the calf, and soon Mabel's laugh rang out as of old, and Mrs. Temple, down in the dining-room, smiled in sympathy.

"That 's just what she needs," said Miss Wheeler, "and it will work wonders."

"Tell me some more," begged Mabel, and Polly chatted on, enjoying Mabel's friendship as she had never enjoyed anything before.

"Pa says all the live creatures on the farm are my pets. Old 'Roaney'—that 's the horse that brought you over—loves me, and I take a piece of bread to him and 'Lady Grey' every morning. Roaney is cross to almost everybody, but he loves me, and never snaps at me.

"Lady Grey is so big and fat that she can't go as fast as Roaney, and if he is harnessed to the carryall when she is harnessed to the farm-wagon, she whinnies as long as he 's in sight."

"Do you ever drive yourself?" asked Mabel.

"Land, no!" exclaimed Polly. "I don't know a thing about driving. Can you drive?"

(To be continued.)

"I used to ride horseback with dear daddy, and drive, too; but I don't think I could now. I can't sit up straight very long."

"I 'm so sorry you were hurt," was the sympathetic reply, "and perhaps you will grow all strong again out here, and we can have such good times together. Now," said Polly, hopping up when they had talked till they were talked out, "I must carry this tray downstairs to ma, and help do up the dishes."

Carrying the tray downstairs, and placing it on the kitchen table, which shone as white as energetic hands could scrub it, she rolled up her sleeves, and proceeded to tidy up, like the little housewife she was.

Ruth, at another table, was dextrously rolling out flaky pastry and shaping custard-pies.

"Oh, Ruth," burst out the delighted Polly, "she 's just as nice as she can be, and I 'm not a mite afraid of her."

"Why should you be afraid?" asked serene Ruth. "She is a poor little sick girl, and needs to be taken good care of. That 's all there is about it."

"Oh, well," answered Polly, "she is so different from us, I thought maybe she would n't like our ways. She is going to ask Miss Wheeler to take her out under the trees just as soon as she is rested, and I am going to show her Bonny, 'Nero,' and 'Biddy,' and everything." And Polly skipped about as gaily as a cricket.

A POET'S KINDNESS.

BY KLYDA RICHARDSON STEEGE.

THE nursery was bright and cheerful, and the two children were happy as they listened to a kind voice reading to them. Every day the same old favorites were told or read to the little listeners, who were never tired, but always asked for more. The stories were all about fairies and elves, or boys and girls who had distinguished themselves, or brave soldiers and noble heroes. And the poems were everything

in the world from Mother Goose to Shakspeare. But the greatest favorite of all the verses were those which told about Barbara Frietchie. You surely know them, and how when she, though old and gray and feeble, refused to take down her flag, and said as the soldiers marched through Fredericktown:

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag."

And then how General Stonewall Jackson whom our country is justly proud. They talked treated her, and how her flag waved the whole very often of Mr. Whittier, and at last one of day long over the heads of the passing soldiers, them evolved, with great labor, from her child-

Amherst
 21st Nov. 20th 1877.

My dear young friend
 I thank thee
 for thy little letter & the
 ingenious Word Enigma,
 which is certainly very
 nicely done.

I am very glad
 that thy brother liked
 Barbara Fritchie. I
 send thee a piece of one
 of her dresses, given me by
 Miss Dorothea Dix the
 lady who has done so

THE LETTER FROM WHITTIER.

not one of whom uttered a word against it, or its brave defender.

In the old nursery, the children loved this poem, and through it the author, one of the greatest and best of men, as well as a poet of

ish brain, a little verse, modeled probably on those in the Riddle-box of St. NICHOLAS, a "cross-word enigma." It was of little value, no doubt, but she was a small child. The answer to the enigma was the Quaker poet's name;

and so, writing a timid little letter, the child inclosed this first literary attempt and mailed it to Mr. Whittier.

who always did care about her own schemes rather too much for her own happiness.

At last, one morning, the postman brought a

much good in visiting
hospitals and prisons.
With every good wish
for thee I am thy friend
John G. Whittier



Then followed several days of suspense and anxious waiting. "Would Mr. Whittier think it very strange that she had written, and would he call her very foolish?" It was strange how much she cared, but she was the kind of child

letter for this little girl. Written in violet ink on thin paper, this is what it said:

AMESBURY, 4th mo. 20th, 1877.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND:

I thank thee for thy little letter & the ingenious Word Enigma which is certainly very nicely done.

I am very glad thee & thy brother like Barbara Frietchie. I send thee a piece of one of her dresses, given me by Miss Dorothea Dix the lady who has done so much good in visiting hospitals and prisons.

With every good wish for thee I am thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The good poet never knew how great was the pleasure he gave to one little heart that day; she has the letter still, and the piece of silk from Barbara Frietchie's dress is pinned to the sheet of note-paper with the same pin John Greenleaf Whittier's kind hand placed there. The illustrations are from the very letter.

In the letter you notice the mention of Miss Dorothea Dix. Perhaps, some day, if you have not yet done so, you will read about her and learn of her wonderful life and what she accomplished for poor prisoners and insane people, not in America only, but in many other countries. Mr. Whittier, who himself was al-

ways trying to relieve the oppressed and to help people in trouble, was her dear friend, and once, toward the end of her busy life, when she had sent him some words of appreciation, he wrote to her, "Compared with such a life as thine, my own seems poor and inadequate." He was modest, you see, as well as great.

The little child who wrote the letter to the poet once saw and spoke with this honored friend of his. She remembers the gentle hand on her brown curls, and the soft voice. Now, as then, there are always associated in her mind, Barbara Frietchie, who would not give up her flag, John Greenleaf Whittier, who wrote the poem, and in the midst of his many more important affairs took time to please a child, and Miss Dix, the noble woman who sacrificed comfort, and home, and health, to relieve, as far as she was able the suffering of the world.

HE AND SHE.

BY VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD.

"Now, where are you going so fast, little maid?

Now, where are you going so soon?"

"I 'm going to be a great Queen, sir," she said,

"In the Land of the Silver Spoon!

I 'm tired of spelling, of chickens, of bees;

I 'm tired of sewing a seam;

So I 'm going forever to do as I please,

And eat only peaches and cream!"

"And where are *you* going, my fine little man?

And where are *you* going so fast?"

"Out on the sea, just as quick as I can,

To stand at the front of a mast!

I 'm tired of seven times four, sir," quoth he,

"And lessons are useless and old;

An Admiral Pirate I 'm going to be,

With a vessel of purple and gold!"

Then passed the folk busily early and late,

Till daylight grew red in the west,

And the queer bent man by the old toll-gate

Sat him down on a stump to rest.

When up the long highway there suddenly sped

Two wanderers, hastening near;

And one—he was hanging a sorrowful head;
And one—she was sobbing with fear.

"Now, whither art coming, my dear little maid?

Now, whither art coming?" quoth he.

"Oh, straight home to bed, sir," she sobbingly said,

"And to get some nice porridge and tea!



"NOW, WHERE ARE YOU GOING SO FAST, LITTLE MAID?"

For the road to the Fairy Tale Spoon, sir, I ween,
It is harder than ever I 'll tell,
And—would you believe it?—*there is n't a queen*
Who does n't know just how to spell!"

"And whither art coming, my fine little man?"

That funny old man spake he.

"Oh, I 'm going right home," said the traveler sad,

"To study a book on the sea!

Of purple and gold I have found not a speck,

But toilers with rope and with oar—

And there is n't an admiral walking a deck

Who does n't know seven times four!"

WATCHES FOR CAKES.

BY CLARENCE LUDLOW BROWNELL.

WHEN Pokan no Kade was a youngster his particular playmate was Mutsu Hito, the present Emperor of Japan.

Mutsu and Kade had many likes in common, and dislikes, too; but they were generous lads, and had never been known to quarrel. Difference in rank had not come between them, and each one was devoted to the other, as two chums should be. One of their common likes was cakes. There was much discussion about the palace whether Kade or the Son of the Immortals ate this sweet of the pastry-maker with the keener relish. Certainly it was a joyous sight to see either of them a-munching, and when they munched together, as they often did on the bank of the lotus-pond in the palace garden, even the fiercest of the guardsmen would begin to purr.

But one day there was no cake. The Son of the Immortals had had a pain that morning, and the thirteen court physicians, after consultation, had told the grand marshal of the household about this pain. The grand marshal told the chamberlain, who told the keeper of the royal purse, who told the imperial provider, who told the grand high caterer, who told the dispenser of the sacred pastry, that cake was the cause of the ache. Eleven minutes later there was no cake to be found in the royal palace.

When Mutsu told the noble guardian to whose charge he had been committed for the day that he desired cake, that functionary bowed low, and told the officer next in rank that the Son of the Immortals wished for cake. This officer, in turn, bowed to the ground, and then repeated the royal wish to an officer still lower, and so it went on; but cake did not appear.

"Chin no Kwashi doko ka?" cried Mutsu—which, being interpreted, means "Where is my cake?" The noble guardian bowed low, and said to the officer below him, "The Son of the

Immortal Ones has deigned to say, 'Where is my cake?'" These words also were repeated, and many others, petulant, wrathful, and beseeching; but that which was longed for did not come.

The palace and the grounds about echoed with the voices of officers and servants of many grades, who were as the links of a chain, beginning at the feet of the Son of the Immortals and ending nowhere—at least, not in the cake pantry. The air was full of the word "cake," but the *thing* cake came not in sight.

While all this was going on, Pokan no Kade sat on a pile of sand near the great man of the palace, playing with a half-dozen watches which his imperial chum had given to him the day before. Watches, or *toki*, as Mutsu had called them, were new things in Japan then, especially repeaters, and all six of these were repeaters.

Kade had great fun with them, ringing their bells, and laying them like stepping-stones about a dainty garden such as all Japanese children can lay out in miniature so prettily. Once he built a castle, and planted the watches in two piles on the very top, just as the gold dolphins are put on the castle of Nagoya.

He was so busy with his play that for a long time he did not hear the many voices saying "cake." But finally, when an inadvertent kick had upset his castle, and he was looking about for something else to do, he heard the cries, and soon found out their meaning.

Thrusting the watches into his sleeve,—which was large enough to hold more playthings than the pockets of a whole suit of clothes such as an American boy wears,—he ran to the royal kitchen; but of course there was no cake there, nor would the cooks make any, though Kade begged never so hard.

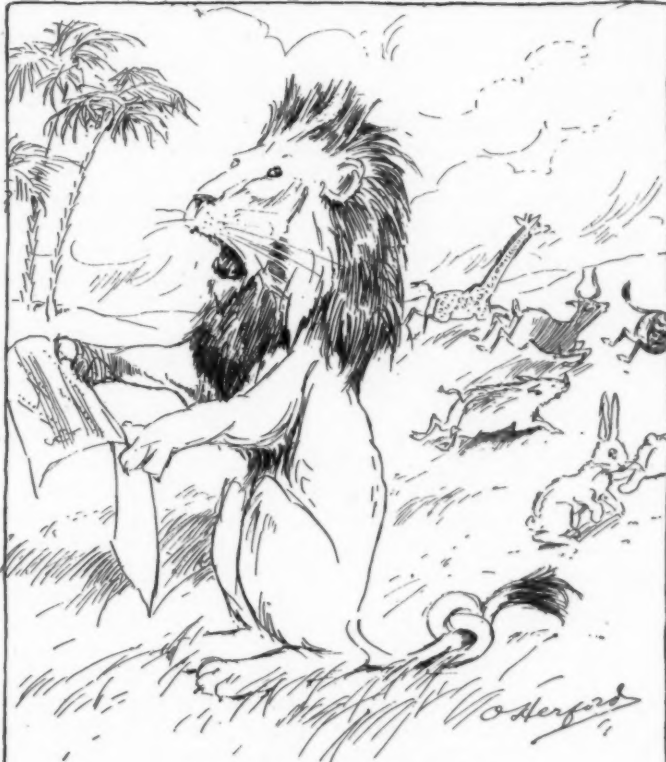
"I 'll get some, anyhow," he said to himself. "A watch is as pretty as a cake. I know where there 's an old woman with a houseful

of cakes. She just sits and looks at them all day. I'll go to see her."

So Kade slipped out unseen and went to the cake-shop, where he laid the six watches on the floor near where the old woman sat, and,

picking up six of the prettiest cakes, put them in his sleeves, and scampered back to the palace.

That night the thirteen court physicians held another consultation.



THE MUSICAL LION.

BY OLIVER HERFORD.

Said the Lion: "On music I dote,
But something is wrong with my throat.
When I practise a scale,
The listeners quail,
And flee at the very first note!"

A Gourd Fiddle.



BY GRACE MACGOWAN COOKE.

PART I.

HE was the sole, orphaned remainder of a long line of fiddlers. I do not know upon what

instrument his remote ancestor may have played for some savage mid-African chief's wild revel or fantastic pagan rite; but from the time his people were brought, slaves, to this country, the men of the family had been masters of the violin, able to earn, from music-loving owners, special indulgence by the stroke of the bow, the cry of the strings.

They had belonged to the Fithian family ever since anybody could remember, and, grandfather, father, and son, from generation to generation, they had furnished the plantation fiddlers. Not only that, but they had been sent for on state occasions to play at the "great house," when there were guests and merrymakings.

Little Orphy's grandfather, Adonis, had gone to Paris with his young master—that was in the time of Colonel Steptoe Fithian, and the family was very wealthy then—and had studied the violin under good teachers. It is true that he was never able to make much sense out of the little black dots and lines, the crotchets and quavers, and rests and ties, and many other things with long, hard names, which, he was told, went to make up the music in the "chune-books." However, if his teacher would only play over the most difficult arias, Adonis could give them back to him like an echo, and rendered with a soft, pleasing coloring of his own.

But the time of valets and Parisian sojournings for the young Fithians was long past. Indeed, there had been no young Fithians these twenty years. The old, home-staying line, white and black, had declined together. It was long since there had been only the old mistress—very old—and Miss Patrice at the great house; and of the army of negroes who had borne the name, there was left to wait upon the two ladies only little Orpheus, without father or mother, kith or kin.

Mortgages had been, for years, eating up the big plantation, and the greedy, lawless Mississippi had been gnawing away its best fields, as a rude boy might take bites at a sugar-cake.

It seemed to Orphy that all the good things had happened before he was born and none were left for his times. He had lived his twelve years on the ruinous old plantation, and he had been Miss Patrice's house-boy for three years when the old mistress died.

Miss Patrice was his godmother. He had a fine, sweet, boy's soprano, and she taught him to sing the chants and anthems in the service of the little church where he was baptized.

She let him play on the old colonel's fine violin, and he was to have it for his own when he was twenty-one, or, if she were to die before that time, it was to be left to him in her will.

Miss Patrice was a good musician. To teach the child with her voice new airs for his violin, and, when he had learned them, to accompany him on her piano, was the solace of many lonely days to the gentle, faded little lady.

When she went away to a great Northern city, for the operation that was to save her life or end it, she parted from Orpheus very sadly.

He was to tend the house just as when she was there—to watch the hens' nests, sell all the eggs he could in the village, and give the money to Aunt Nutty, the cook.

She trusted him, too, to see that the little church altar had its Saturday supply of fresh flowers, a duty she had not failed to perform weekly for fifteen years; and she wished, if the operation should be unsuccessful, that he might sing "Lead, Kindly Light" at her funeral.

Orpheus considered that the worst which could happen to a boy had happened when Miss Patrice went away, and left him with nobody except grim, sour Aunty Nutty, who was not a Fithian negro at all, but only a hired cook. But when those strangers who held the various mortgages on the place had foreclosed them, when the house was full of curious, loud-talking people, examining, pricing,

buying, and packing the precious old Fithian possessions, and there was nobody to speak for his ownership of the colonel's violin,—when Miss Patrice was brought home, indeed, to lie in the Fithian burying-ground, and he had to see her hastily put by with a mere ordinary service, and nobody even knew of him, or that he was to have sung "Lead, Kindly Light" over the face of his last friend,—then he knew—the poor, forlorn little shadow, slipping silently in to sit in a back pew—that truly the worst had come to him.

The great house, vacant and stripped, had

been locked and boarded and nailed up at every possible entrance by its new owners, since, in that impoverished village, there was nobody to rent such a mansion. Aunt Nutty, failing, for the same reason, to find a place, had gone ten miles up the river to stay with her son Garland.

Orpheus, without any relative in the world to whom he could go, felt that when your home was broken up, and every one who belonged to it was dead or gone away, when the earth had opened and swallowed all your present life, its belongings and its possibilities, why, you went away somewhere, quite far—and there was a place there for you.

The great, strong, muddy stream which runs swiftly past these little river towns and the big plantations, showing its superiority to and contempt for the puny plans of humankind by every toss of its swirling,

tawny mane, and the big boats it bears upward and downward upon its mighty breast, furnish the romance, the song and legend of the dwellers upon its banks, and weave themselves, finally, into most of the affairs of their lives.

So when Orphy first began to dream of going away, it was to the river, of course, that his thoughts turned.

All day he went about his task of collecting his small possessions, and bidding good-by to the different localities of the old place and that painfully new grave in the burial-plot, singing hopefully, almost joyously:



"THE BIG MISSISSIPPI RIVER FLOATING PALACES NEVER STOP AT SPARTANBURG."
(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

"Oh, de *Clindyburg* am a mighty fahn boat,
 An' a mighty fahn cap'n, too;
 An' he sets up yendeh on de haycane-deck,
 An' keeps his eye on de crew.
 Oh, Loozy-anner, I 's boun' ter leave dis town;
 Take my duds an' tote 'em on my back, when de
Clindyburg comes down."

Then, with his little bundle, he waited patiently, day and night, upon the village landing for the advent of a certain small, dingy stern-wheel boat upon which he had a friend in the person of a good-natured deck-hand, of whom he was sure he could beg a ride — up or down; it did not matter which, so it was away.

The big Mississippi River floating palaces never stop at Spartanburg. They churn the whole river into little waves that slap the levee insultingly as the great boats steam contemptuously past.

"Um-umph!" exclaimed Orpheus, regarding their magnificence through ecstatically narrowed eyes. "I betcher thass er fahn place whey them boats comes fum. I betcher iss boun' ter be er fahn place whey they 's a-goin' at."

"Whut dat ter you, how fahn dey is?" sneered Aunt Melie's boy, who was always asleep on the levee, or kicking his idle heels against it, while he "feeshed" or watched the steamers. "Reck'n somebod' gwine mek you er gif' outen some o' dat ar fahnness?"

"I 's 'bleege' ter b'lieve," murmured Orpheus, more in reflection than in reply, "dat whey dey comes fum an' whey dey goes at, dey 's plenty wuyck for er lakly house-boy, dest er-shinin' up de brasses an' 'poligisin' de silbeh."

And so it happened that, some days later, there walked in among the negro cabins of a big commercially managed plantation, thirty miles below Spartanburg, a timid and anxious-looking little yellow boy, asking in a shy and unaccustomed manner for "er jawb."

It was cotton-picking time, when everything that could work was pressed into service. There were no questions as to his qualifications and antecedents. He was asked if he could pick cotton; he answered that he "reck'ned so," — he "nev' tried," — received a basket, and was sent with a gang into the field.

Cotton-picking is hard, back-breaking work, and Orpheus had been literally, as the negro

phrase runs, "raised a pet." He had never labored all day in the burning sun, slept in a hut on a pallet, and fared upon corn-pone, side-meat, and the greens called collards. He had never lived or associated with common negroes — field-hands.

The gibes of the rough, coarse, cotton-picking boys at his slowness and incompetence angered him. He thought how they would not be permitted to touch with their awkward horny hands the work he could do so skilfully; and it was only the diplomacy of that blood which is inferior and has been enslaved that made him remain silent when they laughed at him, and stick doggedly to his work.

He found some relief in turning his back upon his detractors and muttering to himself: "Miss Patrice 'ould n' had none sich ez you gap-mouf, splay-foot, tah-baby, fiell'-han' niggahs foh a house-boy. She 'ould n' 'a' had one o' you in huh dahnin'-room. She 'ould n' 'a' let you step yo' foot on huh po'ch."

One morning Uncle Mose, who was picking in the row next Orpheus, asked him if he had seen the visitor at the great house.

Orphy had noticed him, — a slender, clean-shaven young man with glasses and rather long hair, going about among the negroes up at the cabins, asking them some questions and writing their answers down in a little book he carried, — and Orphy said so.

Uncle Mose was old and garrulous, fonder of talking than of working. "He 's er-gittin' up er bain," he said, leaning on his basket.

"Er whut?" queried Orphy, absently, picking away industriously.

"W'y, er bain, ter play music," replied Uncle Mose. "He got 'im up one hyer las' ye'r, an' tuck hit ter de Worl's Fa'r."

At the word "music" Orphy was all alert. "Boys 'at c'd play de fiddle?" he asked anxiously.

"Er-r-r-uh-h!" answered Uncle Mose, rather contemptuously, "singin' niggahs, an' banjer-pickin' niggahs, an' fiddlin' niggahs, an' whut nut. I don' have no truck wid sich trash mos'ly."

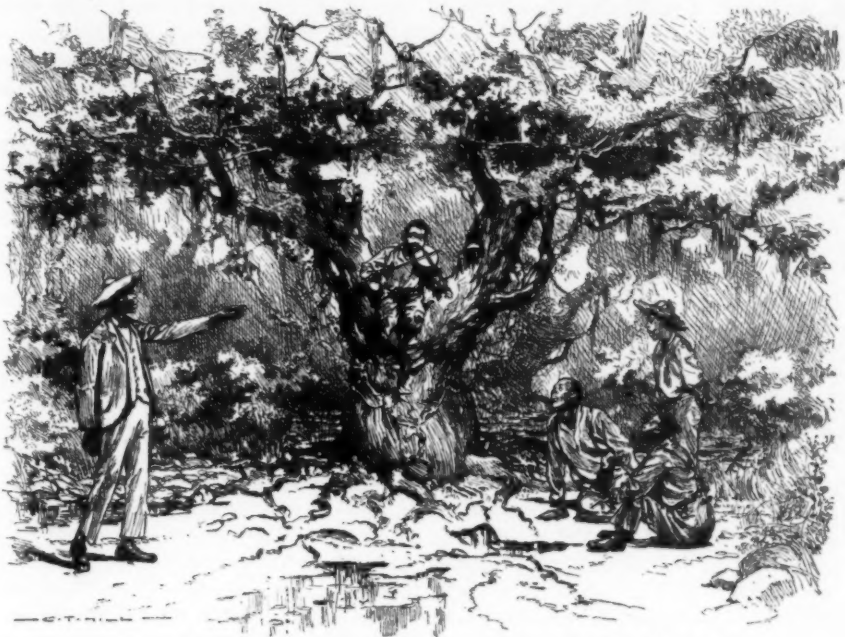
"Did he take 'em somewhuz on de big boat?" asked Orphy, breathlessly.

Uncle Mose brightened at his interest.

"Well, yas," he admitted, mollified; "he tuck 'em, an' he gun 'em good wagers whilst dey 's wid 'im—an' dey' rashions."

"Is he gittin' mo' now t' take on de boat?"

tossed from side to side of his uncomfortable pallet among the snoring field-hands, and his mind ran the gamut of every scheme or plan by which he might get a violin to play in the



"'WHUT Y' GOT DAR?' LITTLE MITCH CALLED OUT, AS HE CAME IN SIGHT." (SEE PAGE 607.)

"Yas," answered Uncle Mose, with a discouraged and discouraging shake of the head; "but I boun' y' he don' tek a-minny dish yer time. Boys ez no 'count now. W'y, in my day an' time"—and he embarked upon a long story which lasted to the end of that row and turned the next.

But Orphy heard none of it; his head was too full to allow any new ideas to come in by way of his ears. Somebody wanted boys that played the fiddle—some white person who would take them away and give them a chance to live "like folks." Oh, if he only had the colonel's violin!

He fancied himself, washed clean and with his hair neatly combed as he had been taught, making his bow as he used to do, tucking the colonel's violin under his chin, playing his very best, and being found acceptable.

For hours that night his tired little body

band, for that he must get the violin in order to join the band he never thought to doubt.

No money had been offered him, and he was too ignorant of such matters to know that his wages, such as they were, waited for him at the office. He had not a friend on the plantation to whom he felt he could go. Indeed, his gentlemanly ways, and evident shrinking from the coarser features of this life, had singled him out as an object of bullying by the worse element of his fellow-workers.

Toward morning a soothing thought dropped down upon his worry, and sent him off contentedly to sleep. He remembered a curious-looking object which used to hang upon the wall of the cabin at home. It was a fiddle, and it could be played upon. His father had made it out of a gourd.

It was the first instrument he was allowed to play, and he knew its every peg and joint,

and just how the stretched sheepskin was held over the front, and the well-seasoned bit of bois d'arc or bow-wood let into the neck. Oh, he was sure he could make one like it, if Aunt Cindy, the laundress, would give him one of her big soap-gourds, and somebody would let him have the skin, and somebody else lend him a bow and strings, for he had a sharp knife, and there was plenty of bois d'arc down near the swamp! And on this slender footing of hope he fell happily asleep.

PART II.

THINGS looked much more gloomy in the morning. Aunt Cindy was one of the church-going negroes who considered fiddling and dancing deadly sins. The thought of asking for one of her cherished soap-gourds to make a fiddle sent chills down Orphy's back.

Big Mitch, the plantation fiddler, was the only one who had strings or bow, and his eldest boy, Little Mitch—nearly six feet tall, and head and shoulders above his wizened black father—was one of Orphy's chief enemies and tormentors. But, in the face of it all, the boy persisted.

"Yaller boy," said Aunt Cindy, accusingly, when he humbly pleaded for the gourd, and stated for what use it was wanted, "how you luhn ter play de fiddle?"

Orphy mumbled something, in a conciliatory tone, about "allers knowed—pappy showed me, an' Miss Patrice she teached me."

"Don' y' try wuk off none dat talk on me," snorted Aunt Cindy, contemptuously. "Y' pappy! Y' Miss P'trice! I knows how no-'count niggah trash luhns de fiddle,—an' you knows, too,—s'posin' y' really kin play hit."

"How does dey l'arn?" said Orpheus, with very round eyes.

"Dar, now," replied Aunt Cindy, expanding into a mollified grin, "I knowed li'l boy lak you had n' been er-mixin' an' er-mommuxin' wid no sich—I knowed y' could n' play none. W'y, honey, dey jes practivez on er Sunday,—on de good Lawd's day, w'en He say nobod' sha'n' wuk,—an' de Ol' Boy whuls in an' he'ps 'em. Yas! 'S trufe! 'N' ef he don' come de fus' time, er-tryin' ter show 'em de chunes, an' de

quirly-gigs, dey crosses dey foots (dat 's a shore black chawm) an' scrapes de bow er few, an' he comes er-floppin'!"

Orphy's evident horror over these statements was exceedingly flattering to the old woman, who was coming to expect that her wisdom would be laughed at by the rising generation.

"Dar, now," she said, "go 'long, an' don' try tellin' me sich tales 'bout mekin' fiddles, an' playin' fiddles. I gwine give y' de bes' gode I got, 'ca'se you 's a nice li'l' gemman ter he'p me w'en I axes y'." And she did.

Orpheus worked on his fiddle at night, after the picking was over, leaving himself scarcely time to eat or sleep. He cut away the front of his gourd with the greatest care, fearing to crack the frail shell and spoil the tone of his instrument.

Meantime he had snared a rabbit, tried to cure its skin, found it too tender, and been reduced to trading his one silk handkerchief to Yellow Bob, the plantation butcher, for a bit of soft-tanned sheepskin to stretch over the opening.

The bois d'arc was found, neck and pegs shaped and in place, and he had come to the despairing point where he was ready for the strings and bow, when the foreman asked him kindly, one evening, if he knew that he could get money, or an order on the store, for the wages due him above his board.

He found that the store kept strings, and the storekeeper was willing to order a bow for him. It seemed no hardship to Orphy to do without the clothing he needed for the sake of these things he longed for.

When the curious, mandolin-shaped instrument was complete, when he had, with infinite patience and skill, brought the strings into tune, drawn his bow across them, and heard the tunes answer his call,—somewhat queer and "throaty," but real tunes,—such bliss rolled over Orphy's soul as nobody who merely *buys* a violin will ever know.

In the ardors of his work he had almost forgotten the object of it. He had been so long getting ready that the young man had made what he called his first trial, and had gone on now to another plantation, some miles below, before Orphy's home-made fiddle was done.

They said he was coming back, as he had done the year before, for a final trial, and to take away with him the boys whom he selected.

Orphy did n't believe he was coming again. Little Mitch said so, but then, Little Mitch always had things wrong. And Orphy scarcely cared whether he came or not. He had little hope of acceptance. So much fun had been made of his plan of fiddle-building that he was growing very doubtful about showing the fiddle to anybody, and the joy of its companionship was so great as to dwarf any minor misfortunes.

He was very shy of subjecting his new and dear companion to the indignity of being laughed at. "Yo' des lak ol' mis' use ter say 'bout Miss Patrice, honey," he would whisper, as he laid his chin lovingly against the sheepskin front; "y' ain' rightly purty, but you 's mighty sweet."

When his one holiday came, he usually carried his treasure, carefully wrapped, to a little grove down near the swamp, where people seldom passed, because it had the reputation of being "snaky." There, perched in the crotch of a water-oak, he would croon to his fiddle, and his fiddle would answer in familiar accents, all the long, warm Sunday afternoons. "Ain' no snek gwine tek de trubbl' climbin' atter sich er bone ez me!" he would chuckle gleefully, as he settled himself for hours of uninterrupted enjoyment.

But one day some of the more friendly boys surprised him there, and while he was proudly playing at their request, Little Mitch, his tall form decked in a suit of Sunday clothes, and with shoes on his big feet, happened past.

His appearance of astonishment at the fiddle and the fiddler was so natural that no one would have guessed that one of his friends, who knew he was "layin' fer dat yaller boy," had run to call him.

"Whut y' got dar?" he called out, as he came in sight.

"Fiddle," replied Orphy, ceasing to play.

"Fiddle?"—drawing nearer, and reaching out his hand for the instrument. "Look ter me consid'ble lak er soap-gode."

Orphy scrambled to the ground, and held his beloved fiddle behind him.

"Le' me see her," said his tormentor, sternly.

Orphy retreated, and held the fiddle, ready for flight or fight at the slightest demonstration threatening it. He had been tenderly brought up, and had never been in a fight in his life, but at this danger to his fiddle, he felt something rising in his heart which entirely overshadowed his natural fear of Little Mitch.

But Mitch made no warlike demonstration whatever. Instead, he threw himself back with a roar of laughter which made poor Orphy's ears tingle.

"Whoopee!" he howled. "Looky dat, now! Dat w'at dish yer boy name er fiddle. Oh, my lan'! 'F dass put un'neath er daw-step f'r er hoodoo, hit 'd put er change on de bigges' man in Bayou pa'ish"—and so on with uncouth grimaces and bellows of mirth, till Orphy, consumed with mortification, began wrapping up his pet for departure.

As his victim seemed about to escape, Mitch stopped short in the middle of a guffaw. "Mek 'er play," he commanded.

Sullenly, and on the verge of tears, of which he was desperately ashamed, Orphy complied. At the first sound Mitch fell, apparently, into a great state of astonishment.

"Gre't day in de mawnin'!" he cried in pretended surprise. "Dish yer boy got er po' li'l cat fas'n' up in dat ar gode!"

Orphy lowered his fiddle angrily, and began again to wrap it up; but Mitch had picked up a stone.

"Po' li'l cat," he said, advancing. "Kitty kitty, kitty! I gwine bus' dat gode an' let de po' li'l cat out."

At the word poor Orphy leaped as though stung. Dropping his fiddle behind him, he sprang blindly at Little Mitch, and, using his bare hands, fought with such passion and fury as he had never known before.

Little Mitch was, after all, only a big, cowardly bully, and resistance was the last thing he expected. The stone dropped, grazing his own shin, and bringing a yap of pain, and he turned his entire attention to ridding himself of his small assailant, who seemed, like an angry cat, all teeth and claws.

The next thing Orphy knew, he was sitting on the ground, somewhat jarred and shaken, but otherwise unhurt, holding his beloved fiddle;

and Little Mitch, at an extremely respectful distance, was wiping blood from his face on the cuff of his shirt, and muttering, "Nee' n' ter mek sich er fuss 'bout er joke! Nobod' ain' gwine troubl' you an' y' ol' gode fiddle."

After that Orphy knew that his fiddle was marked for destruction. He hid it during the daytime, when he was at his picking, with all the cunning of which he was master, and slept with it clutched fast every night.

The night the young man with the glasses—who had returned in spite of the fact that Little Mitch had said he would, and whose name, as Orphy had learned, was Professor Josef Blum—gathered the boys in the big shed to make a final examination and choice, Orphy made himself as neat as possible, and took his fiddle in his hand with many misgivings.

Since the fight, it and its owner had become, mainly through Little Mitch's agency, objects of much ridicule on the plantation, and Orphy shrank sensitively from taking it where it would excite further contempt.

Yet there was always a chance, and he tuned it and brushed it free from dust, polishing its bulging sides till they shone again.

As he neared the open, lighted doorway of the big shed, he caught sight of Little Mitch within, and his heart failed him.

Little Mitch was one of those whom Uncle Mose called the "banjer-pickin' niggahs." His father had vainly tried to teach him the violin; but he had a smooth, powerful bass voice, which it was hoped would recommend him.

The thought of taking his poor fiddle in to face Mitch's scornful laughter, and the possible amusement and derision of the white people, was too much for Orphy. He looked about for a hiding-place, and, laying the fiddle in behind some cotton-baskets by the shed wall, tucked the old cloth over it as a mother would tuck the covers over a little child, whispering to it: "I ain' gwine tek you in dar ter be made fun er. Nev' you min', honey; I loves you, ef nobod' else don'!"

When in his examination Professor Blum came to Orpheus, he put his large white hand under the boy's chin, and turned his eager, plaintive little yellow face up to the light. "Well, young man," he said, in his pleasant

voice, with its slight foreign accent, "what can you do?"

"I c'n sing er right fa'r soprano, suh," answered Orphy, modestly.

"What 's that?" said the professor, struck by the boy's use of the proper and technical word. But there came a snicker from the bench where Little Mitch sat among those culled out for a second trial, and Mitch, overblown with a sense of importance at being among the chosen, called out:

"He play de fiddle. He got one whut he brung erlong an' lef' outside."

"Is that so?" said the professor. "Why don't you bring it in?"

"Yas," breathed Orphy, shifting from one foot to the other in an agony of embarrassment; "but I heap rutheh try ter sing foh y', suh. Hit ain' rightly er fiddle. Hit 's er—hit 's er—"

"Hit 's er ol' gode fiddle," supplemented Mitch, in malicious enjoyment of his misery.

"A goat fiddle?" queried the young professor. "And what is that?"

At the roar of laughter which shook the benches on which the negroes sat, and even found an echo among the white folks from the great house, who had come down to see the fun, and were curiously watching this little scene, Orphy wished the earth might open for him.

"Hit 's er gode fiddle," he said faintly.

"A goad fiddle?" asked the puzzled professor, thinking of those long sticks used to prod oxen. "Go and get it, and play for us, that we may see what it is."

Orphy looked appealingly around the room. Was there no help? His glance fell upon Little Mitch, leering triumphantly, and the hot tears of mortification dried in his eyes.

He would show them, he thought, that he was a Fithian, that he had had better raising than these corn-field darkies. It was no sin to make a fiddle for yourself out of a gourd—if you could not do any better. He turned and marched out of the room like a soldier, looking neither to the right nor to the left.

But once outside, with the fiddle in his hands, the temptation not to return was strong. The professor, he could see through the win-

dow, was busy with another boy. Should he go through without variation; then again, with go back to be laughed at by everybody there? little turns and embellishments of his own



"ORPHEUS BEGAN UPON THE ODD, UNCERTAIN QUAVERS OF 'SHORTENING-BREAD.'"

Nobody who cannot remember it can realize how agonizing to a child is the thought of being an object of universal ridicule.

The longing to run away into the cool, friendly dark, just to take his despised fiddle and run on and on till he reached the river, and could go away to a new place, was hardly to be resisted.

But he conquered it. Fiddle in hand, he returned as he had gone, without looking at any one, and so preoccupied with the effort he was making that he failed to see the professor's outstretched hand or to hear his request to see the instrument.

Tucking its bulge into the angle of his shoulder, he tuned it, and began upon the odd, uncertain quavers of "Shortening-bread."

Once he played the quaint little melody

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worked upon it; then, the third time through, he added his fresh young voice:

"I so glad de ol' hog dead —
Mammy gwine mek some shawtnin'-bread.
Oh, mammy's baby loves shawtnin',
Oh, mammy's baby loves shawtnin'-bread."

When he had finished, the professor again stretched out his hand, and Orphy put the fiddle in it.

"Well," said the professor, "this is great! Where did you get it? Why, it's home-made! Who made it?"

"I did," said Orphy, relieved, but still somewhat apprehensive of the inevitable laugh he thought must follow.

"Oh, no," said the professor, "how could you have made it? Who showed you how?"

"Nobod' did n'," said Orphy. "My paw had one like hit; he made hit—er my gran'-paw did, I dunno which. It 's de fus' kin' er fiddle I played on; but I c'n play er heap bettah on dat kin'," looking wistfully at the table, where he now saw the professor's violin lying.

"I don't want you to play better," exclaimed the professor, enthusiastically. "I want you to play this. Don't you see what a card this will be for me?" he asked, turning to Colonel Murchison, the proprietor of the plantation. "Here is the plantation musician and the plantation instrument! It will be the greatest attraction of my chorus in England and Germany. I will make him a soloist," he was going on enthusiastically, when Colonel Murchison's energetic signals caused him to halt and consult that gentleman aside for several minutes. During their conversation one of the young ladies from the great house handed Orpheus the violin, with an encouraging word, and he began an anthem of Bach's which he had often played in the little church at home.

The professor wheeled upon him at the sound. "What 's this?" he said. "Classic music? Can you read notes?"

"No, suh. Dass er chune Miss Patrice taught me faw ter play in de chu'ch. I knows er heap er dem chunes. She use ter play 'em on huh pianny, er sing 'em, 'n' I 'd ketch 'em." And tears stood in his eyes at the remembrance of those good days.

"See here," said the professor, speaking evidently upon a sudden impulse, and with a quick, piercing look at the boy's face. "The colonel, here, says I ought not to tell you that you 'll be valuable to me—you know what that word 'valuable' means, don't you?"

Orphy nodded a bewildered nod.

"Well, he says if I give you an idea that I want you pretty bad, you 'll be running off and trying to hire to some one else. Will you?"

The professor had judged his boy aright. Tears, of which he was too happy to be ashamed, ran down Orphy's cheeks as he answered stoutly; "No, suh. Dey ain' none er de Fithians tricky dat way in tradin'! I 's mighty glad that somebody wants me."

The young professor heard the homesick boy's heart speak in that last sentence, and he patted him kindly on the shoulder.

"Well, now," he said, "that 's all right. Somebody wants you now. You sha'n't lose by it. I 'll pay you more than I can afford to pay such boys as those"—with a not too flattering wave of his hand toward the bench where Little Mitch and his fellows sat, open-mouthed and astounded. "I can pay you more, because you 're worth more."

"Yes, suh," said Orphy, respectfully; "I 'll try ter be."

It was the one fling he permitted himself at his dumfounded and vanquished adversaries, and, delivered with demure meekness, it told in a little snicker from the benches where their elders sat, and a smile on the faces of the "white folks."

"You see," said the professor to his host, when he was leaving some days later, and Orphy, new dressed from top to toe, the happy possessor of a violin finer even than the colonel's, was going with him, out into a life bright with possibilities—"you see, nobody with a heart in him could cheat that little chap. He 's so faithful and so trusting, and he tries so hard to please."

"Certainly," said the colonel, "you ought to give him what is justly due him; but I know negro nature better than you, and I say better not make too much of him."

"Well," said the professor, seriously, as was his way, "I can afford to give him enough to pay good teachers to carry on his musical education, and to let him lay by a little, month by month, to give him his start when he is a man. There 's no telling what he may attain. I find he is a hereditary musician; and, for my part, I had rather come of a musical line than a noble line."

The colonel smiled indulgently. "He 'll sell you out to the first man who offers him more," he said.

"That he never will," replied the professor; "and as for keeping him in the dark about what he is worth to me, I could n't do it, if I would. He 's bound to take well abroad, and he 's bound to know it, and with such a boy I 'll take my chances on the result."

Little Mitch had finally to be dropped from the chorus. He proved too thick-headed to take any instruction.

As the boys waited on the landing — Orphy pinching himself surreptitiously now and then to be sure it was not an all-too-blissful dream — for the big boat which was to take them all to "Noo 'Leans," they could see Little Mitch in

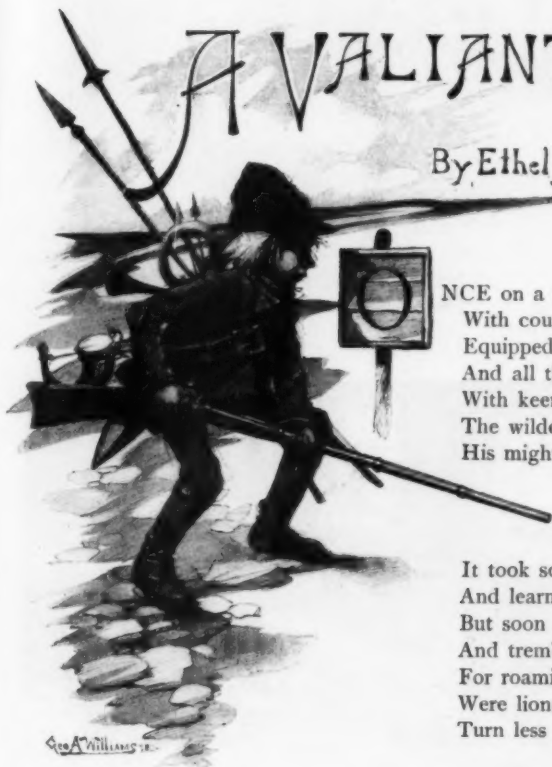
the cotton-field below, his tall form bent over, as he pretended to be too busy picking to notice them.

Out of the abundance of his joy and satisfaction Orphy found time to be sorry for him.

"'Pears lak I jes' could n' go back ter dat ar," he muttered reflectively. "Well, suh! I reck'n hit about all he 's fitten fer."

A VALIANT HUNTER.

By Ethel Harle Wyman.



I.

ONCE on a time a daring youth
With courage and to spare, forsooth,
Equipped with guns and swords and knives
And all things to extinguish lives,
With keen delight set forth to slay
The wildest beasts that came his way,
His mighty courage to display.

II.

It took some time to look around
And learn where such wild things were found;
But soon a forest dense he struck,
And trembled at his wondrous luck —
For roaming there in plainest sight
Were lions, tigers, things that might
Turn less courageous persons white!

IV.

At length he chose his loudest gun,
All eager to begin the fun;
And aiming with unerring eye,
He shouted: "Art prepared to die?
(I see you 're slightly taken in,
And ah! what fame for me to win!)
So if you 're ready, I 'll begin."

III.

Selecting soon the tallest tree,
He climbed aloft, that he might see
The better how and where to aim
And make the most of this wild game;
For e'en in hunting there 's an art,
And much depends on how you start,
And on the action of the heart.

v.

He pulled the trigger. *Biff, bang, bing!*
Should have resounded from the thing.
Big guns and little, none would do—
When tried, they all proved empty, too;
For though the hunter was the kind
Whose equal would be hard to find,
He 'd left his cartridges behind.

vi.

So next he tried his knives and spears,
His arrows, javelins, and shears;
But all went whizzing through the air,
And not so much as harmed a hair.
The wild beasts, curious to see
What type of hunter this might be,
Drew up and circled round the tree.

vii.

The hunter, when he glanced beneath
On those imposing rows of teeth,
Climbed up a higher branch or two

To lend enchantment to the view.
He smiled to see the savage thirst
The beasts all showed to get him first,
As with one roar their fury burst.

viii.

Now, when they could not slay the man,
To slay each other they began;
And in the fury of the fray
Their passions carried them away
Perhaps a half a mile or so—
Until the hunter thought, you know,
How clever it would be to go.

ix.

For knives and things in trees and grass
Don't aid a hunter much, alas!
Besides, he felt his fame too great
To waste on beasts so second-rate.
He fled; and all who heard agreed,
For valor, courage, skill, and speed,
There ne'er had been so great a deed.





THE LITTLE BIRD THAT TELLS.

BY MARY WHITE.

I SAW him from the station
As I waited in the rain,
This morning, for the coming
Of the elevated train.

He cocked his head upon one side,—
This funny little bird,—
And this is what I heard him say
(Or what I thought I heard):

"A common English sparrow 's what
You think me, I suppose!
If so, you 're much mistaken;
I 'm a bird that no one knows!

"My specialty is secrets;
I hear them everywhere—
On crowded streets, on boats, in parks,
From wires up in the air.

"I quickly fly and carry them
To where some gossip dwells.
In short, my dear, you see in me
'The Little Bird that Tells'!"

My train came in just then, and hid
The little scamp from view;
But I have pondered what he said,
And pass it on to you.

So if you 're telling secrets
To your cronies, and should spy
A sparrow hopping on the path,
Or on a tree near by,

Pray whisper low in Clara's ear,
And lower still in Nell's;
For what if he should prove to be
"The Little Bird that Tells"?



DRAWN BY GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS.

A MAY-TIME GROUP IN HOLLAND.

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SAVED BY A MISTAKE.

BY GEORGE ETHELBERT WALSH.



WHEN father moved his family to Arizona to take up a quarter-section of land under the Homestead Act, I was just old

enough to enjoy the novelty of the change at first, and to be terribly homesick for our New England streams and woods as soon as the newness of our surroundings wore off.

My young brothers and sisters were at too tender an age to appreciate the sensations I and, as I discovered later, my mother experienced. I suppose that father was too busy with his work to feel lonesome or homesick; at all events, he never gave expression to any such feelings in our hearing.

But mother and I talked much about the dear old New England days and friends, and in this communion we found relief for our feelings. One day, after an unusually protracted conversation about the past scenes in our life, she said abruptly:

"We ought not to regret what we have left behind, Harry, and it is wrong for us to be encouraging this homesick sentiment. This is our future home, and we must make it as pleasant as our old one."

"That's impossible, mother," I rejoined, not at all entering into the spirit of her proposal.

"Nothing is impossible, Harry," she said sweetly. "And to show you that this is not, I'm going to begin right away to create a change."

I listened to her in astonishment, and waited for her to proceed.

"I think I miss the flowers that I used to raise in our garden more than anything else," she said, "and I'm going to send for seeds of mother's poppies, nasturtiums, mignonette,

phlox, and all of my favorites. We'll plant them around the house, and make a bit of New England right here."

"I'll help you, too, mother," I said, beginning to catch a little of her enthusiasm.

"Yes; but you must have something to tend yourself," she replied—"something that you miss the most. What is it?"

I thought a moment. My mind ran swiftly back over past pleasures, and I conjured up pictures of the trout-stream on the farm, the old mill-pond where we always went swimming in summer, the old grove of chestnut-trees on the lower edge of the farm, the squirrel's nest in the woods, the barn-yard animals, my pet chickens, and— and—

I stopped thinking, and answered quickly, with a radiant smile on my lips:

"My pigeons, of course, mother."

"Well, then, pigeons you shall have here," she replied. "I'm going to send to mother for the flower-seeds, and I'll have her ship you out a pair of fantail pigeons. You can build a house for them, and I'll make a garden for the seeds."

That is how we transferred a bit of New England to Arizona. In due time the seeds and pigeons arrived. While mother cultivated her plants, and made the house and garden smile with green foliage and flowers that took away half our homesickness, I watched and tended my pigeons with all the enthusiasm of past days.

In time we gradually reversed the former conclusions of all our discussions. Instead of regretting the past, we contrasted our new home more favorably with our old, and found contentment therein.

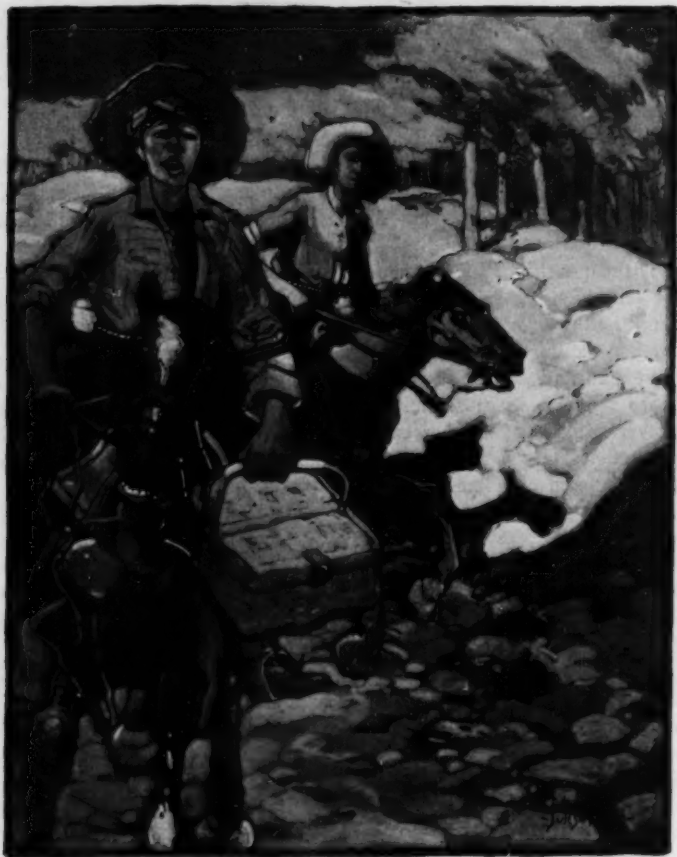
My brothers and sisters grew in years, and helped to make our happiness more complete. In five years I was so in love with our Arizona

life that I would not exchange it for any dream of the past.

But the pigeons which had contributed so much to my early happiness became a source of wonder and pride to all the settlers in that lonely region. From a single pair they increased

the flocks at various times by importations from the East, and we were ever on the lookout for others.

In the summer of 1873 I learned that some of the officers at Fort Defiance had received a new breed of pigeons from the East, and that



"WE MUST REACH THE MOUNTAINS," I SAID TO BOB, AS WE SPURRED ON OUR HORSES."

to several hundred, until we had to kill some of them every year to keep their numbers within reasonable limits. I became an expert in pigeon-raising, and studied all of their habits and ailments with the enthusiasm of an expert.

Bob, my brother, always helped me in the work of tending them, and we spent many pleasant hours watching the great flocks of fantails and tumblers. I had added new birds to

they were going to raise them as pets at the fort. When I heard of this, I said to Bob:

"I'm going to take a dozen of our fantails and tumblers to the fort and see if we can't make an exchange. I understand they have some pouters among the lot, and I'd dearly like to get hold of some of that breed."

"All right," Bob responded. "I'll go with you."

The distance to the fort was about thirty

miles, and we had to make the trip on horse-back. We decided to start early one morning, and to return the following day at noon if we could make an exchange in that time.

We took the pigeons in a large wicker basket, which we could sling over the saddle. Bob was about eighteen then, and I twenty-one, and we had become so accustomed to the life upon the plains that we never felt fear. We carried our rifles with us, and thus armed we felt secure from any danger.

Father warned us when we left that reports had been passing around that the Apaches were getting troublesome again, and said it would be wise for us to travel only in the daytime, and not to pitch a camp or to pass a night on the plains.

We knew enough about the Indians to appreciate what this meant, and we were especially cautious. And, indeed, we reached the fort without mishap or accident of any kind. The pigeons were all that we expected they would be, and we were so anxious to obtain the new strain that I fear we made a poor bargain.

At any rate, we gave six fine pairs for a couple of rather quiet-looking birds of a silvery blue color. Nevertheless, we prized these so highly that we carried the basket most of the way home in our hands, in order to save the birds as much jolting as possible.

About fifteen miles from home we had to pass between a large grove of cottonwood-trees on the banks of a small stream of water and the Mogollon Mountains. As our horses approached the stream, where we intended to give them a drink, a certain uneasiness in their actions disquieted us.

"I don't like the looks of things near the woods," I said to Bob. "Remember what father said about the Indians; and the soldiers at the fort confirmed it. I think we'll push on without watering the horses."

Bob was not so experienced in Indian ways as I was, and he readily yielded to my authority. We turned our horses away from the grove of trees, and started to skirt along the edge of the mountains.

We had not proceeded far before a wild yell behind us confirmed our worst fears. I had heard that yell before, and it sent the blood

tingling through my veins. It was the unmistakable war-cry of the Apache Indians.

"We must reach the mountains," I said to Bob, as we spurred on our horses. "I know a defile there that can be held by us for hours against the whole tribe of Apaches."

Bob said never a word, but his white face indicated how conscious he was of our danger. The Indians sent a few stray bullets after us, which showed their intentions; but we were too far away for them to do much harm.

Our little ponies galloped across the plains like the wind, and we gained the protection of the rocks without accident.

"When I give the word, dismount and follow me," I cried.

Bob answered, "All right."

A few more yards of furious galloping, and then I shouted:

"Now jump!"

We both alighted on the hard rocks at the same time, and gave our horses their liberty. Then I led the way up to a high platform on the rocks, where we could command a view of the whole defile, and yet not expose ourselves to bullets from below or above. It was a rocky hiding-place that I had discovered one day when looking for eagles' nests.

I clung to the basket containing our pigeons, determined not to give them up until the last. This impeded my progress, so that my brother said:

"Why don't you drop the basket?"

I made no reply, but continued to climb over the rough rocks. Bob reached the hiding-place ahead of me, and the Indians were so close that before I could reach any shelter one of their bullets came whizzing along and struck something.

I did not have time to investigate just then, but tumbled myself over the huge rock, and then both of us returned the fire in rapid succession. This soon drove the Indians to shelter, and for the time we were safe.

"I believe that first bullet struck the basket," I said, when everything was quiet again.

I opened it and looked in, and my heart gave a wild thump. One of the precious birds was dead, with the bullet buried in its plump little body. The other one was so frightened

that it cowered in the corner like a wounded dove.

"I almost wish that bullet had struck me in stead!" I said bitterly, lifting the limp body from the basket.

But we were in too serious a situation to give much attention to the pigeons. The Indians were encamped below, just beyond the range of our bullets. We were safe from them until darkness settled over the land; then we should be at their mercy.

It was early in the afternoon, and it was very unlikely that any white men would happen along our way before morning. By that time we should be killed or captured.

The Indians kept up a spasmodic shooting, just to make us appreciate the fact that we were cornered.

"What can we do?" Bob asked finally, turning to me with an appealing look.

"We can't do anything but wait," I replied. "When it gets dark the Indians will crawl up here and dislodge us. We have one chance in a hundred of climbing up higher and hiding away from them until morning."

"But they will shoot us down then as soon as daylight," Bob replied gloomily.

"Very likely."

"Mother and father will never know what has become of us," he added, a moment later, while the tears stood in his eyes. "If we could only leave a message behind so they could get it, I could die easier."

This thought had occurred to me.

"I'll write one on my handkerchief," I said, "and maybe they will find it on the rocks."

I made ink of gunpowder melted in my mouth, and then, with a split twig, I wrote a few words on a bit of the white handkerchief, telling of our misfortune and probable fate.

When I had finished, Bob said, with a sudden light in his eyes:

"Why not tie the handkerchief to the pigeon's leg and set him free? Somebody will find him some day, and read our message."

"A splendid idea, Bob!" I exclaimed.

As our hours seemed numbered, I thought it time to set the pigeon free, and after tying the bit of handkerchief to one leg so it would not interfere with its wings, I threw the bird into the

air. For a moment it seemed dazed, and circled around our heads. Then it made straight for the cottonwood-trees. It reached the grove in safety and disappeared.

"I wish it had gone the other way, toward our home," Bob said regretfully.

It was late in the afternoon then. The sun dropped slowly down the western horizon. The dusk of twilight was soon followed by a mantle of darkness that covered everything.

"We must move now," I said to Bob. "The Indians will be crawling up here, and if they find us they will kill us at once. We may be able to hide, in the darkness."

With difficulty we scrambled noiselessly up to a higher shelf of rocks, and then waited patiently. The occasional dropping of a pebble or stone indicated that the Indians also were moving.

Two hours must have passed, and then a wild yell below startled us. The Indians had reached our former hiding-place, and their yell showed chagrin and disappointment.

"They will spread out now all over the rocks," I said. "But we have the advantage. They will never know at what moment to expect to meet us. We can strike the first blow."

How anxiously we waited, the next hour or two! We hardly dared breathe. Crouching behind the rocks, we waited and listened.

The moon came up, and threw so bright a light upon the scene that we could occasionally catch the glimpse of a black head bobbing about among the rocks.

We were getting tired, hungry, and desperate, when a sudden noise on the rocks above us attracted our attention. Several Indians stood up there, talking and gesticulating. Their forms were outlined against the heavens so distinctly that we could have shot them without trouble.

For some time we could not understand the reason of their incautious conversation. Then a rumble that seemed to grow louder every minute attracted my attention. Glancing down upon the prairie, I caught sight of a black patch far away that seemed to be moving steadily toward us.

It was a body of horsemen dashing madly across the plains in the direction of the mountains. Were these more Indians? or—I could hardly believe my senses! The clear, welcome

bugle-call of the Fort Defiance cavalry suddenly smote the still night air. We both gave a jump, and nearly exposed our hiding-place to the Indians.

The Apaches were now satisfied that the horsemen were soldiers, and they suddenly disappeared from the rocks like shadows. Bob and I rose up above the rocks and shouted ourselves hoarse. No prisoner of war ever welcomed liberty more heartily than we welcomed the soldiers that night.

We clambered down the mountains, and while part of the company tried to hunt up the Indians, the others escorted us back to our home.

"But how did you happen to know of our danger?" I asked the officer in command, as we trotted along in the moonlight.

"We came in response to your message," he replied.

"What—on the handkerchief?" I asked.

"Yes, of course. Did n't you send the message to us by the pigeon you had with you?"

"I tied it to one of his legs, but I had no idea he would carry it to anybody so soon."

"No? Well, he did, and you may say you owe your life to a mistake."

"How so?"

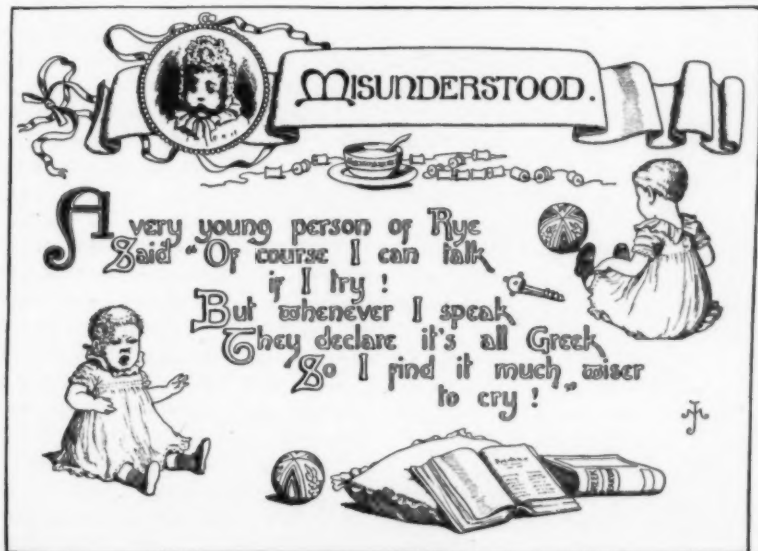
"Why, the pigeons you took with you to-day were not pouter-pigeons at all, but carrier-pigeons. They were sent out here by the government for experiment, and, through the mistake of one of the soldiers, you got them instead of your pouters."

"Then the pigeon returned straight to the fort?"

"Yes, as straight as a bee-line."

Can it be wondered at that after that Bob and I became more enthusiastic over pigeons than ever? We not only studied and loved them more, but we established a regular line of communication between the fort and our home.

After our story reached Washington, the Assistant Secretary of War sent out half a dozen more homing-pigeons, with orders to give us some of the birds that had saved our lives.



A LITTLE AMERICAN GIRL AT COURT.*

BY LOUISE BRADFORD VARNUM.

THE President of the United States had appointed a new American representative at the court of Elbstadt-Saxhausen, and in the course of a few weeks the minister arrived in the old German city, bringing with him his wife and two daughters. Belle, the eldest, was nineteen, and "out" in society; and Marjorie, the heroine of my story, was but five years old.

Marjorie was a pretty child, with big brown eyes, a merry little mouth, and a tangle of golden hair, that stood out like a halo about her head, and cost Babette, her nurse, an infinite amount of trouble and patience to keep it in order. Babette was a blue-eyed, rosy-cheeked German girl, and from the first moment of her entrance into this American household she devoted herself especially to Marjorie. Marjorie was a well-behaved little girl, usually, but rather heedless. She received much good advice from her mother on her heedless ways—advice that was needed. She often replied: "I do try to remember what you say, mama, but it won't *stay* remembered!"

The American legation, or house and office of the American minister, was situated in a beautiful shady street called the Königstrasse. Down the whole length of the avenue ran a broad strip of turf, adorned at intervals with beds of brilliant flowers; and just in front of the legation this widened into a little park, in the center of which was a fountain playing day and night. Throughout the summer it cooled the air about it, and pleased the ear and eye with the plash and sparkle of the falling water.

The house in which Marjorie lived was in a large garden with winding walks, flower-beds, fountains, shady trees overarching the smooth-shaven lawns, and a broad graveled drive leading under the porte-cochère up to the great front door, over which hung the arms of the United States.

Marjorie and Babette spent a happy summer wandering in the garden, or resting beneath the

trees, when Babette would bring out an unfinished blue woolen stocking—she was never without her knitting—and work diligently, while she told Marjorie wonderful German tales—fairy stories, or stories of the war which cost the Fatherland so many noble lives. But, of all things, Marjorie loved best to hear of the King and Queen of that country; and Babette never wearied of dilating upon the reported magnificence of her sovereign—his many palaces, carriages, horses, and his rich robes of state.

Marjorie had seen one of the palaces, the one which the King inhabited in the winter; but its external appearance certainly did not promise such delights as Babette assured her existed within, could one but pass its somewhat forbidding portals. If Babette's stories were true, however, no king in fairyland ever lived in greater state and splendor than did his Majesty of Elbstadt.

The long summer days passed all too quickly to Marjorie, and then came autumn, bringing with it renewed life and activity to the old town, which had hitherto seemed so sleepy and dull. The King and court returned from the palace on the river; the streets and parks were gay with gorgeous equipages and brilliant uniforms; and at last, one night, Marjorie had the delight of seeing her father, mother, and sister attired for the first ball at the court. The festivities of the winter had begun.

"Tell me all about it to-morrow," were her last words, as her parents descended the steps to the carriage. "I want to know how the King was dressed, and the Queen, too; and what they said, and everything! Please don't forget!"

Many were the questions she asked on the following day—questions which her mother and sister could not answer, having been too much occupied at the ball to notice the details for which Marjorie's soul longed.

"Well, I wish I could go to court and see

* See note on page 662.

the King for myself!" she exclaimed somewhat impatiently in her disappointment.

"You must wait until you are grown before you can go to court, little girl," replied her sis-

"Yes, really," replied Belle; and away went Marjorie on dancing feet to impart the joyful news to her faithful friend Babette.

At length the appointed time arrived, and

Marjorie set off with her sister in a state of blissful expectation. But once in the gardens, she walked demurely enough as they took their way toward the lake in the most frequented part of the esplanade. As they approached the drive which encircled the sheet of water, a rider on a black horse came rapidly galloping toward them. The pedestrians ran to the edge of the walk, crying, "*Der König kommt!*" ("The King is coming!")

"Ah, we are just in time," said Belle. "And now, Marjorie, you shall see the King; for here he comes!"

Marjorie opened her eyes to the widest extent as she gazed at the man on the black horse.

"Is that the King?" she asked, with a shade of disappointment in her tone.

"Oh, no," replied her sister; "that is the outrider."

Then Marjorie saw four black horses, ridden by gay postilions, which came at a smart trot down the drive, drawing a great coach the front of which was of glass; the harness was shining with gold, and the royal arms were emblazoned upon the panel of the door. At the back stood two tall footmen in powdered wigs and cocked hats, with much gold lace upon their gray liveries. Inside sat an old gentleman, who looked pleasant and



"IN FRONT OF THE FIRE WAS AN OLD GENTLEMAN, FAST ASLEEP, WITH A SILK HANDKERCHIEF OVER HIS HEAD." (SEE PAGE 624.)

ter; "but I will take you to the gardens this afternoon, and I think we shall see the King there."

"Oh, you darling!" exclaimed Marjorie, all sunshine again at the prospect. "Will you really take me to see him to-day?"

kind, and was smiling at the people along the way. Marjorie noticed him but little, however, in her anxiety to watch for the King.

"I suppose that is the in-rider," she said to herself; "and now surely the King will come." But no other carriage followed, and the groups

of promenaders resumed their course about the lake.

"Now, dear," said Belle, as they walked on, "at last you have seen the King!"

"Why, no, I have n't!" said Marjorie, with tears in her voice. "First there was the out-
rider, and then there was the in-rider, and that was all!"

Belle laughed heartily; but catching a glimpse of the weebegone little face under the broad hat at her side, she stooped down and said:

"Why, darling, *that* was the King in the carriage. I thought you understood."

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" Marjorie grumbled. "I'm *so* disappointed! I never looked at *him* at all! Why was n't he dressed like a king? Where was his spiky crown and his scepter?" (By which she meant scepter.) "All the fairy-story kings dress so that you know them the minute you see their pictures; and I thought he would have on his robes, at least, or just his crown! Do you suppose he had his spiky crown on under his hat, sister Belle?"

Her sister laughed again, and said that she did not think the real kings wore their crowns in the street, and that even at the ball he had been attired only in an officer's uniform. But nothing comforted Marjorie for this great disappointment, and it was only by promising to take her again to the gardens, in the hope of seeing his Majesty, that she was induced to restrain her tears on the way home.

But most childhood's sorrows are not long-lived, and on the following day Marjorie had regained her usual cheerfulness, and she learned with delight that her mother would permit her to accompany her sister to the old court church, where Belle had made an appointment to meet her music-master, and under his direction to practise for an hour upon the great organ.

Babette also was to go, to take care of Marjorie while the elder sister was occupied with her lesson; and together the three walked through the streets of the old town until they came to the great church, which stood near the bank of the river.

The King's palace was close by the church, being separated from it only by a narrow street, and yet connected with it, too, for an inclosed passageway, or bridge, extended from the second

story of the palace to the gallery of the church, so that the royal family might attend the services without descending to the street and mounting the stairs again to reach their *Loge*, or box, where they sat overlooking priest and people, more as if in a theater than in a church.

Herr Mayer was the King's organist, and, as a special mark of favor, he allowed his best pupils to take an occasional lesson upon that wonderful organ, which, although it was built so many years ago, is still considered one of the finest in Europe. He met our little party at the door, greeting his pupil with a profound bow, and then led the way into the church and up a steep and winding stair to the organ-loft.

It seemed very dark and gloomy in the church, after the brilliant sunshine of the streets, for the only light came from two candles, one at each side of the organ, which shed their feeble rays upon the keys, leaving the rest of the gallery darker by contrast.

Belle seated herself upon the high wooden bench before the organ, and placed her fingers on the worn and yellow keys, and her feet on the pedals.

"Blow, Johann!" roared Herr Mayer; and the invisible Johann began to blow the organ, and the young girl to play, while Marjorie stood enraptured to hear the wonderful tones peal out through the old church, and along the lofty arches, under the touch of those soft white hands.

Herr Mayer remained standing near, waving his hand, and saying from time to time: "More slower, *mein Fräulein*—zo! 't is better." Or, "More loudly! yet *more* loudlier! Ah, dat is vell! Now zoft again—zo quiet, *so-o* shtill, it shall be like a zigh!" And then Herr Mayer would sigh, as if at some tender thought awakened in his sentimental breast.

After looking and listening for a few moments, Marjorie strolled with Babette along the gallery of the church, her eyes gradually becoming accustomed to the subdued light which fell through the painted windows. There were many pictures of saints and angels upon the walls, and she plied Babette with questions about them, until at last they reached the farther end of the gallery, just overlooking the high altar, and were stopped by the partition-

wall which inclosed the King's Loge. There was a door in this wall, but in front of it a sentry was slowly pacing, carrying his rifle, and looking very much bored.

At sight of Babette he grinned delightedly, and gave her a nod, accompanied by a suppressed "*Guten Tag*"—for a sentry is not permitted to speak when on duty; and then Marjorie recognized him as "Cook's son Hans," whom she had often seen in the kitchen when he came to visit his mother.

No one being at hand to see, or to report him to his superior officer, Hans and Babette soon fell into conversation; and then Babette sat down on one of the gallery benches, and the soldier walked up and down the narrow aisle behind her, talking to her as he walked, and sometimes stopping to say a few words in a lower tone as she looked up at him over her shoulder.

Seeing them both so busy, Marjorie speedily pushed her investigations as far as the door leading into the royal box.

On the floor stood a basket containing tools, of which she did not know the use; but it took only an instant for her sharp little eyes to discover that the lock of the door had been removed. No doubt it was for the purpose of preventing intrusion during the repairs that the sentry had been stationed in the gallery of the church; but Marjorie never stopped to reason about the matter. She pushed the door. To her delight, it yielded; and in another moment she stood within the King's Loge, and immediately began a minute examination of all that it contained.

The furniture consisted of large gilt arm-chairs, upholstered in crimson velvet, on the backs of which were emblazoned the arms of Elbstadt-Saxhausen. On a velvet shelf under the window there were several large prayer-books and hymnals, all with the royal arms in gold upon their covers; and upon the floor were soft kneeling-benches for the royal knees.

Marjorie seated herself in the largest of the arm-chairs, and then in each of the others in succession.

"I feel like Little Golden-hair," she said. "I wonder if, the next time the King comes to church, he will say, '*Who*'s been sitting in my

chair?' like the Big Bear? Oh, I do wish he would come in now!"

As Marjorie continued her voyage of discovery, she saw at the back of the box a velvet curtain, trimmed like the rest of the hangings with gold fringe, and upon raising a corner of this, she found that it concealed a door. She laboriously turned the knob, opened the door, and entered the corridor connecting the church with the palace.

A slight sound near at hand causing Marjorie to turn her head, she saw the door at the palace end of the corridor open, and a man entered, dressed as a workman, carrying in his hand a basket of tools, similar to that which she had seen in the church. He set his basket on the floor, and, kneeling beside it, took up a screw-driver, with which he began to loosen the screws holding the lock of the door in place.

"All the locks seem to be out of order to-day," thought Marjorie. "I'll go and talk to the man while he works. It will be much better than trying to amuse myself."

Accordingly she approached the workman, and was about to enter into conversation with him when the man, dropping his tools, rose to his feet, and, pulling off his cap, said, with a low bow:

"Your humble servant, little Princess! Allow me to open the door for your Royal Highness!" And suiting the action to the word, he opened the door; and Marjorie, without hesitation, passed through the doorway, and actually stood in the great hall of the palace.

If you were to ask her what she saw, she could give but a confused account of paintings, statues, marble pillars, and waving palms; for she paused but a moment to glance about her.

"Sister Belle said I could n't go to court until I was grown; but I'm in the King's palace now, and I'm going to see the King if I can," was her thought. Away she sped on nimble feet, her steps falling noiselessly on the thick carpet, down the hall, around a corner, when, bump! she fell against an unexpected door. The door flew open, and in rolled Marjorie upon the parquet floor.

She was a little frightened, but not hurt, and picking herself up, she stood still and listened. The room was empty. A hasty glance con-

vinced her that it was used as a library or reading-room, for on both sides of it were great bookcases filled with large volumes, and a table in the center of it was strewn thickly with pamphlets and loaded with books of every size.

Between the bookcases on one side hung a silken curtain; and having been fortunate thus far in her discoveries, she drew it aside, and stood spellbound by the scene before her. Was it fairyland? At first she really thought so. For where, except in fairyland, could one find such a bower of roses? Roses everywhere! — white, pink, yellow, crimson, growing in masses and clusters upon light arched trellises, through which one might look up to the blue sky above, while about this airy structure hovered birds and butterflies of such wondrous colors as she had never imagined birds and butterflies to be. On a spray near her rested a beautiful bright creature with wings half spread, ready for flight.

Marjorie cautiously stretched out her hand to touch it, and uttered an exclamation of surprise on finding bird and spray to be painted upon the wall.

Yes, roses, birds, sky, and all were but an imitation of nature, but so skilfully done as to deceive, at first sight, a more experienced eye than Marjorie's.

Marjorie walked as in a dream of delight through this scene of enchantment. She studied the strange figures upon the screen, and on passing behind it to see what the other side

had to offer, she found that it concealed a white-and-gold fireplace, where a fire was burning on the hearth — which certainly was not what one would expect to find in a rose bower.

Marjorie did not give much attention to this,



"A YOUNG OFFICER DRESSED IN THE UNIFORM OF THE KING'S GUARD ENTERED."
(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

however, for she was startled and somewhat dismayed to see sitting in front of the fire in a great arm-chair an old gentleman, fast asleep, with a silk handkerchief over his head. She gazed at him in silent surprise, when suddenly she sneezed twice, very loud: "Atchoo! Atchoo!"

The old gentleman jumped as if he had received an electric shock, sat upright, pulling the handkerchief from his head, and stared at

Marjorie in great amazement and with evident consternation.

For a moment I believe he thought she was part of a dream; he rubbed his eyes as if he could not trust his sight; and then, realizing that the little visitor was made of flesh and blood, he smiled ("the kindest, dearest smile," she said afterward), and asked in a pleasant voice: "Little girl, where did you come from?"

Marjorie hurriedly explained her presence in the palace, and told the story of her entering from the church.

"But how did it happen that the doors were unfastened?" inquired the old gentleman.

"Well, I think," explained Marjorie, "that the locks are out of order, and the workman is mending them. He thought I was a princess." At this she laughed. "And when he opened the door for me, it just popped into my head to go and see the King, and so I came. Do you think I can see him, please?"

"Why do you wish to see the King, my child?"

"Oh, because papa and mama and sister Belle go to court, and they have told me how good he is, and how kind to the poor, and ever so many other splendid things. Can you tell me where he is, please?"

"My child, who is your papa? If he comes to our court, I should know him."

"My papa is the American minister," answered Marjorie, proudly.

"Ah, so! Well, my little girl, we must let your friends know where you are, for they will be troubled."

"Oh, but please, *please* don't send me away before I've seen the King," pleaded Marjorie. "I've wanted to see him *so* long"—with a sigh.

"Why, my little one, I am the King."

To say that Marjorie was not disappointed at this unlooked-for announcement would be anything but the truth. Her ideas of royal state had received a severe shock. But after looking at him fixedly for a moment, she slowly remarked, in what she supposed to be the proper form of address:

"Well, O King, I *never* was so astonished in all my life; but I'm so glad to see you, I really can't spress myself."

The old King laughed heartily at this frank

avowal, as well as at the wording of it, and taking the little girl upon his knee, he talked to her for a while, answering most kindly and patiently her many questions, each question beginning or ending "O King," according to her idea of the proper manner of speaking to one of his exalted rank. In the Old Testament stories the courtiers, in speaking to the King, always began, "O King, live forever!" and the Bible, of course, was right.

"O King, this is *such* a lovely room," she said. "Can you walk right out into that beautiful garden?"

The old King explained that the garden was but a picture, as were the roses and birds. "Oh," said Marjorie, in astonishment, "I thought it was a truly garden. I can hardly believe it is only pretend!"

"I spend much time here," he continued, "for although I am an old man, I am still fond of birds and flowers—and children," he added, with a smile. "But we must send word to your friends, my dear." So saying, he touched a silver bell on the table, and a man in black appeared in the doorway, making a low bow as he entered. "Tell Herr von Rabensheim I desire to speak with him."

The attendant bowed again and retired, and immediately a young officer dressed in the uniform of the King's guard entered the Rose Bower. His blue eyes opened in surprise when they fell upon the little runaway, for he knew her well, having been a frequent visitor at the American legation, and had always made a pet of the little girl, often telling her delightful tales of his young brothers and sisters, and of their life at his father's castle of Rabensheim.

Marjorie's surprise was equally great, and running toward her friend, she was about to enter into an explanation of her presence in the King's private apartment when he checked her by a motion of his hand, for the King was speaking:

"Max, the little one says she left her friends in the church. See that some one goes to inform them that she is in safe hands."

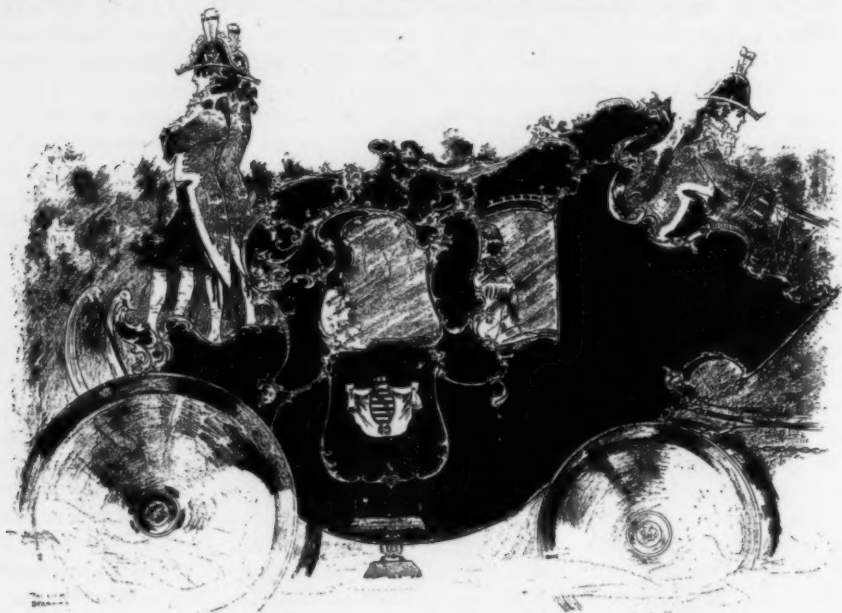
"I will go myself, sire," said the young man, and, clicking his heels together, he bowed and left the apartment, but soon returned, saying that the church was empty, the little girl's sister

and maid having thought, no doubt, that she had wandered from the building into the street.

"We must send her home at once. They will be anxious. Thou shalt take her, Max." And ringing the silver bell again, the King said to the attendant who appeared: "My carriage

The sentries saluted them as they drove off, crack! went the whips, and they were soon bowling along the streets toward home.

"I feel as if it would turn into a pumpkin, like Cinderella's carriage," Marjorie said to herself; but the kind eyes of her companion reas-



MARJORIE RETURNS IN THE ROYAL CARRIAGE.

immediately." And when its arrival was announced, he stooped and kissed the little girl, saying: "God keep thee, my child!"

Marjorie flung her arms around his neck, and giving him a hearty kiss, said:

"Good-by, you dear, dear King! I've had such a beautiful visit!"

"And so have I," said his Majesty. "Tell your mama that you have made an old man very happy, and that he hopes for the pleasure of another visit from his little friend."

Max took Marjorie's hand in his, and together they passed down the great staircase, between rows of palms and statues, to the door of the palace, before which stood the King's own carriage. The four horses, postilions, and footmen were there; only the outrider was wanting; but to make up for this, "there were two in-riders," as Marjorie said.

sured her, and settling herself upon the soft cushions, she told him, in reply to his many questions, the story of her visit.

In the meantime, the household in the Königstrasse was in a state of agitation. When Belle returned from her lesson, followed by the weeping Babette, and told the sorrowful tale of Marjorie's disappearance, for which Babette could offer no explanation, though she knew it was in some way due to her carelessness, Marjorie's mother burst into tears, and sank down upon the sofa, giving herself up to the most horrible forebodings regarding the fate of the missing child. Papa, leaving her to the care of her daughter and the frightened maid, seized his hat, and hastened to the police-station to send out a description of the lost little girl. Poor Belle tried to reassure her mother, but walked the floor, saying to herself: "I should

not have taken her unless I was able to watch her! I am sure we shall never see her again!" So great was their anxiety and distress that the clattering of hoofs and rolling of wheels on the drive fell unheeded upon their ears, and it was only the sound of little feet on the steps, and a merry little voice in the hall, which assured them that the truant had returned.

The door was flung open, and in rushed the impetuous Marjorie, eager to recount her adventures. But she stopped short on the threshold, appalled by the melancholy scene before her: mama, sister Belle, and Babette with red eyes and unmistakable signs of distress visible on their countenances! What could it mean?

"Dear mama," she exclaimed, "what *is* the matter? Why do you all look so sad?"

But now no one looked sad. With one accord they flew toward the little girl, all talking at once, and all so eager to welcome her they could scarcely wait to take her in turn.

"You 'll pull me to pieces," she said. "Why are you all so glad to see me?"

"Why are we glad?" exclaimed her mama, laughing and crying and kissing her all at once. "Why should we not be glad to welcome back our lost little girl?"

"Lost!" exclaimed Marjorie. "Did you think I was lost? I would n't be so foolish! I was n't lost—I've been to court!"

THE YOUNG PEARL-FISHER.

BY JAMES KNAPP REEVE.

SOME years ago a pearl-fishery of considerable importance existed along the Great Miami River, in Ohio. The principal point at which the industry was followed was near the little village of Waynesville, a few miles above Cincinnati. For a number of years many people thereabouts made a regular occupation of gathering the pearl-oysters and opening them in hope of finding the gems. Many pearls were found for a time, but gradually they became fewer and fewer, until finally it did not pay to spend time in the search.

Fred Allen, like every good healthy boy, wanted a great many things; but as his father was dead, and his mother had no more money than was needed to keep her little family in comfort, requiring careful economy even to do this, many of his wants had to go unsatisfied unless he could himself supply them.

But as Fred grew older there was one thing that he came to want very much, but which seemed to be wholly out of his reach. This was to go to college. Many an anxious consultation did he have with his mother about it,

but these always resulted in the same conclusion,—in which his own good sense forced him to join,—that it clearly could not be afforded.

At last Fred remembered the stories he had heard of the pearls found along the Miami.

"Pearls have been found here," he said, "and why may they not be again?"

He kept turning the matter over in his mind, until the thought had taken such strong hold of him that he went down to talk with Mr. Simpson, the old jeweler, about pearls—not telling him, however, of the idea, that already was half formed, of turning pearl-hunter himself.

Mr. Simpson had been in the village a long time, and as this was right in the line of his business, he had naturally come to know more about the pearls than any one else. In his safe was a case of the river pearls which he had kept for himself; these were mainly of little commercial value, so he had preferred to keep them rather than sell them for the slight sums that could have been obtained. These he brought out to show to Fred, and explained to him how they had been formed.

"Sometimes," he said, "a minute particle of some foreign substance gets inside the shell. Some people think it is a grain of sand; but I have noticed that most of the shells that contain pearls have a small hole bored in them—the work of a parasite. Perhaps instead of a grain of sand it is the egg which the parasite deposits there. At any rate, it is something that irritates the oyster, a good deal as a pea would trouble you if it should get in your shoe. As the oyster is not able to expel the particle, it forces it as far toward the edge of the shell as possible, and then covers it with a smooth excretion called nacre. As this hardens, successive coats are applied, and so the pearl grows, layer by layer. It is a good many years now since any of much value have been brought in. When it was discovered there were pearls here, people became wild, and were in the river day and night gathering the oysters. They destroyed old and young, and did it so thoroughly that few were left to breed."

"But don't you think, sir, that there may be some good pearls in the river yet?"

Fred asked this question so earnestly that the jeweler smiled, beginning at last to understand the boy's interest in the subject.

"That is quite possible," he said; "but the chance of finding them would be so small that it would hardly pay for the time. Better go on with your studies, my boy, and put your spare hours in at your books," he added kindly.

"That is just what I want to do, sir," answered Fred. Then he thanked Mr. Simpson for showing him the pearls, and went away to think it all over.

Not far from Fred's home was a high bluff, known as Fort Ancient, said to have been one of the strongholds of that old race whom, for want of a better name, we call the "Mound-builders." There had been, from time to time, a good deal of speculation as to what might be found by digging into this hill, and finally the Smithsonian Institution at Washington sent out a young scientist to make a thorough examination of it. Fred took great interest in this work, and was so bright and intelligent that he soon attracted Mr. Warren's attention.

"I believe there is something down in here that I want," the latter said to Fred, one day,

as they were walking together about the fort. "It may be a tomb, for I think these mounds were all burial-places. If so, it would be a great thing to open it, and show our findings at the Exposition in Paris."

Not long after this Mr. Warren put a force of men at work, cutting into the side of the mound, and in the course of time they came, as he had predicted, upon some tombs. These were many feet below the surface, solidly built of heavy slabs of stone, and ranged side by side in a long row. In each narrow compartment a warrior had been laid to rest; in some of the tombs were accoutrements of the chase—copper arrow-heads, stone axes, and other curious relics. But what interested Mr. Warren and especially Fred more than all else were some pearls found in what seemed to be the tomb of the chief, the estimation in which they had been held being thus indicated. Their satisfaction, however, was short-lived, for the pearls crumbled and fell into dust after being exposed to the air for a few hours.

"This is too bad," said Mr. Warren. "These pearls would have helped me prove another pet theory."

"What is that, sir?" asked Fred.

"You have been down to the mouth of the river?" said the scientist, questioning. "There"—as Fred nodded in reply—"you have seen the big shell-heaps on the banks. Wise men have puzzled over these for a long time, trying to determine if the people who lived here hundreds of years ago ate these fresh-water oysters, and then took the trouble to put the shells all in one place. But I have always thought they were after the pearls; and what we found here makes me think so still more."

They talked about this for a long time, and of all that was really known about the gems found there; and Fred confided to Mr. Warren his plan for the summer, and told him why he wanted so badly to find some pearls.

"I don't believe it will pay, Fred," said the scientist, thoughtfully; "but I will tell you what you might do. The chances are slim of finding anything of much value, but doubtless there are a good many small pearls that could be had if one would put in steady, hard work at the business. These would not bring much if sold

in the ordinary way, but I would like a collection from this river to put in our exhibit. I do not care if they are not of much intrinsic value, and even imperfect ones would be of use for my purpose. If you would like to undertake this we could pay you pretty well for the work."

Fred's eyes fairly shone at the chance thus offered him — not alone because of the money he should make, but because he felt that he was being intrusted with important work. He felt it an honor to be employed in any work for the great Smithsonian — an institution for which he had come to have the highest respect.

He was not long in beginning. He simply took off his shoes and stockings, and rolled his trousers as high as they would go, and was ready for business. With a bag slung across his shoulder, in which to put the oysters as they were gathered, he waded out into the river, and felt about with his bare feet for the shells. Whenever one was discovered there was a plunge of the right arm and shoulder, and sometimes of the curly head, too, when the water was deep, and then he would come up dripping and laughing, and transfer the prize to his bag. When it was filled he would wade to shore, and, sitting down on the bank, search carefully for pearls.

At first it was good sport, for the weather was warm and the cool water of the river was not unpleasant. But when he had worked steadily for two days, and had found nothing at all, the work began to get rather monotonous. But the third day brought better success; for at night he had two small pearly globes, and a shell, besides, to which was attached a curiously shaped pearly formation. These he took to Mr. Warren in great glee.

"They are just what I want," said the scientist. "The one on the shell shows clearly how they are formed; and these others are not too valuable to sacrifice in the cause of knowledge. Let us go down to Mr. Simpson's and borrow some of his tools so we can take a good look at them."

At Mr. Simpson's shop they placed one of the pearls in a small vise and with a very fine jeweler's saw cut it evenly in halves.

"See how it has been formed, layer by layer, like an onion. Each of these layers shows a

successive coating of nacre. If we knew how long it required for one coat to harden before another could be applied, we might tell how long it took the oyster to make the pearl. It would be like counting the rings of a tree."

Fred kept on steadily at his task all through the vacation, although in time it began to be pretty tiresome work. By September he had a collection that far surpassed his anticipations. He had found, too, a few pearls of some value, and when Mr. Warren paid for his work, he added what he thought these might be worth.

The check was more money than Fred had ever owned before. Yet at the last he was very loath to part with the pearls.

Mr. Warren saw his look of regret.

"Ah, Fred," he said kindly, "this is as I hoped it would be. You have learned to care for something besides their money value."

"Indeed I have, sir," was the frank answer; "and if it were not for college, I think I would ask you to take the money back, and let me keep the pearls."

"It does seem too bad to make you lose either. I have been thinking so for some time, and I have thought out a plan that I hope will suit you. These things — yours, and all that I have been gathering here — must go to Washington to be classified and arranged. Next spring they will go to Paris, to the great fair. Some one must be there for six months to take care of them." He stopped smilingly, and waited for Fred to speak.

"Oh, do you think I might do it?" asked the lad, eagerly.

"Yes; I will see that you may. Now stay here this winter, and study hard, and read some books I shall send you. After Paris, I think you will see your way clear for college."

Then he shook hands heartily with Fred, and started for Washington.

Do you care to know anything further?

Well, then, if you visit the wonderful Exposition this year, and meet Mr. Warren of the Smithsonian Institute display, he will, perhaps, speak to you about Fred. And if he does, he will say, among other things: "I am sure he has in him the making of a great scientist."

If you ask why, he will smile and say: "In the first place, he is n't afraid of work!"

JOSEY AND THE CHIPMUNK.

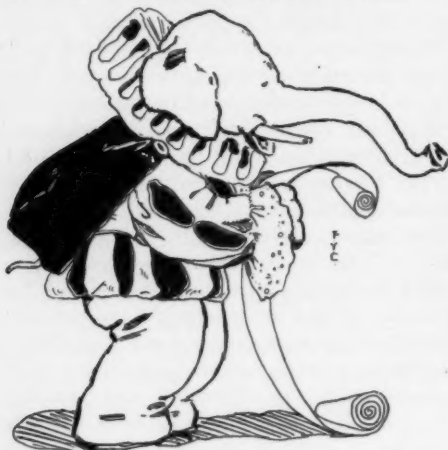
By SYDNEY REID.

[This story was begun in the November number.]

CHAPTER XIV.

THE ELEPHANT AND THE ROYAL TIGERS.

THE travelers were much surprised, as they passed by the country of the elephants, to find a band of the principal inhabitants coming out to meet them with banners and music.



THE OFFICIAL ELEPHANT WHO READ THE ADDRESS.

One of the elephants, in a fine costume, began to read an address; but when he saw the chipmunk he screamed: "Oh, hold him! Hold him! Don't let him fly at me!"

Some of the attendants talked to him for a time, and he grew calmer. "I thought at first that he was a mouse," he said.

"But why are you so much afraid of mice?" Josey asked.

"They are dreadful creatures," said the elephant. "One of them came near robbing me of my kingdom a few years ago."

"Then you must tell me all about it," said the little girl. "We are traveling in order to learn."

So the elephant told Josey that once a mouse warrior arrived in their country, and terrified all the elephants so that he was about to make

himself king—for elephants, as is well known, dread mice; the boldest and most warlike of them will not dare to contend with a mouse. Therefore, when the mouse appeared, he sauntered down the main avenue to the palace and into the throne-room. On all sides the guards fled at sight of him. The king started up from the throne, and the mouse jumped upon it, and stood as upright as a grenadier.

Just as the mouse was about to declare himself the monarch of the whole country,—no one daring to oppose him,—a little boy and girl entered the room and looked about them with astonishment. When they perceived the mouse the whole matter was explained, and the boy actually laughed, and then started forward with great boldness and attacked the tyrant. The mouse, which was so fierce with the elephants, now showed itself as great a coward as it was a bully, for it jumped down and ran away even faster than the courtiers had run. The little boy pursued it clear of the palace grounds.

The elephant then addressed the brave young stranger:

"Speak, youth, and claim what reward you will; my gratitude knows no bounds."



THE MOUSE WHO WOULD BE KING.

"I am a prince," said the boy. "I am Damar, son of King Gawar, who was dethroned by the wicked Baruck three years ago. I was sent to the hut of a poor fisherman, who treated me like a son, and this is his daughter Zella who is with me. Now I am resolved to fight for my rights."

"Brave and noble youth!" exclaimed the king. "On one condition, I and my whole army will join your forces."

"What is the condition?" asked the boy.

"That you will defend all my kingdom against mice whenever the necessity may arise."

With hearty good will the boy gave the promise, and the next day the allied forces

set out, one of the great lords of the palace carrying the little boy and girl. The king's army, consisting of thousands of fierce elephants, spread across the plain. They made such a dust that King Baruck, standing on the city wall, could not see what was advancing. He only heard the voice of the little boy summoning him to surrender. But, instead of surrendering, he called all his fighting-men, and began hurling javelins, darts, and great stones from the wall. The darts enraged the elephants to such an extent that they rushed against the wall and threw it down. Baruck fled howling, and his queen followed him. The brave young prince released his father and mother from prison, and

by the aid of the elephants they were restored to all their honor and dignity.

Far from despising his son's feeling for the little fisher-girl, the good king was happy in their affection, and she was made a great princess, while her father was created Grand Fishmonger Extraordinary to the palace. Prince Damar made himself such a terror to mice that none dared invade the territory of his big friends, while these repelled all other foes, and thus secured peace and due respect among nations.

While the elephant told the story, Josey could not help remarking how well the baby ele-

phants behaved. They sat perfectly still, and did not interrupt once, and they did not fidget and turn and twist, as some small people whom we all know do when they are listening to stories.

The travelers were invited to visit the country of the elephants, but they politely refused, as they preferred to visit the royal tigers.

The travelers found the tiger king lying on his side in front of his den, opening and closing his claws in a lazy sort of way, as if he was trying to feel that he was alive. Josey had heard that he was good-natured after dinner, and as he had just finished, she was not at all afraid.

The little girl spoke to him, telling him how



"I AM A PRINCE," SAID THE BOY.



"HER FATHER BECAME FISHMONGER EXTRAORDINARY."

far she had come, and why she wanted to see his country. He said that he was quite pleased to see Josey, and let her stroke his head. He sniffed at Ethel, and did not seem to know what to make of her, and when he saw the chipmunk, he laughed and said that Josey's companion looked like a little tiger with his stripes put on the wrong way. This made the chipmunk angry, and he replied that his stripes were on the right way, while the tiger was wearing bars, and looked as if he were in a cage.

While they were arguing about this matter the queen and prince of the tigers entered the den.

The queen was going to give the tiger prince his dinner, but he was continually grumbling. Every now and then the travelers could hear him saying, "Oh, I don't like those old things, and I *won't* eat them!" Then his mother could be heard begging him to be good and eat what was set before him. The travelers and the tiger king tried to talk about the countries that Josey had seen and the countries that she was going to see, but the sharp voice of the little tiger kept interrupting all the time.

This went on for a long time, the noise growing louder and louder. Josey noticed that the tiger king was beginning to look cross. At last he suddenly bounded to his feet and ran into the den with a terrible growl. Then they could hear the tiger king saying:

"You don't like those old things and won't eat them, eh? We'll see about that. You'll go to bed without any supper now!"

The royal tiger spoke in such a dreadful tone that Josey ran away. She had not run far when she saw a most beautiful deer with brown sides and white spots on them. The deer knelt down, and they sprang on his back. Just at that time the royal tiger came out of his den again. He was in a rage. When he saw that the travelers were going, he gave a loud roar and rushed at them with his mouth wide open. The deer made one bound, and then away and away they went, so fast that the trees flew past them like birds. At last they came to the fence, and with one great bound the deer cleared it. The tiger had to stay on the other side, but they did not feel safe till they had gone away into the woods.

When the deer stopped running, they found that they were in the deer's country — an open place in the woods. It was covered with soft green grasses and mosses. There were ever so many beautiful deer there, and they all came forward to bid them welcome.

The chipmunk's teeth were chattering at first. When he was able to speak he said:

"I'd like to know what that impudent tiger meant! I've a great mind to go back and ask him."

"No; don't quarrel," said Josey.

The deer were very kind, especially the one that had carried them out of the tigers' country.



THE ROYAL BENGAL TIGER.

The deer gave the travelers a fine supper of fruits and roots, and they finished up with a moss-pudding. It was growing quite dark, so they were shown to their room, which had walls of young trees that grew closely together, and a very thick carpet of soft moss.

The deer showed the travelers about their



"AWAY AND AWAY THEY WENT."

country on the morning after their arrival. It was filled with pleasant woods and bright little lakes, and the deer said that they would be very happy if the tigers would only leave them alone.

"Can't you fight them?" asked the chipmunk.

"We could," said the deer, "if our legs would only wait. But when the tigers come our legs get frightened and run away with us."

"But you are big and strong and have horns," said the chipmunk. "If I had a pair of horns like that I'd like to see a tiger give me any of his nonsense! Tiger, indeed! I'd soon show him!"

"We are big and strong," said the deer, "and I'm sure that we could beat the tigers if we could only wait for them. Our hearts and our heads are all right, and when the tigers come in our country we make up our minds to fight to the last drop of blood. But the tigers have such a way! Oh, my! They come crawling through the grass with such nasty expressions on their faces, and they say such awful things in such awful voices; and the first

thing we know, our legs get all full of trembles, and away they go and carry us off!"

"Of course," said the chipmunk. "That's because you don't drill. You never can be soldiers unless you drill. Did you ever hear of Tommy Toddles?"

"No, we never did."

"Well, then, I'll have to sing you the song about him, for it tells just how he was drilled."

TOMMY TODDLES.

When Tommy Toddles went to war he'd stamp his foot and scream

Because the colonel would not give him sponge-cake and ice-cream;

And at the morning bugle-call he'd try to hide his head—

They had to pull the blankets off to get him out of bed;

And when they all began to shoot it made his comrades scoff

To see him throw his rifle down, afraid it might go off. He would n't do his sentry turn; it filled him with affright—

A-thinking that some horrid thing might catch him in the night.

CHORUS.

"Then order arms! shoulder arms! forward by the right!

Double quick! get there, men! Now we're in for fight!

Skirmishers by left deploy! Ready, aim, and fire!"

It takes a lot of drill to make a soldier.

They drilled poor Tommy Toddles, and they marched him to and fro;

They made him keep his stomach in, and hold his head just so,

And set his heels together, with his shoulders nice and square,

Or lift his feet and step out with a military air; And keep his quarters neat—for no good soldier's ever slack;

Do just as he was told at once and never argue back. The things the sergeant said to him were not at all polite,

Unless he had his rifle and his buttons very bright.

CHORUS.

"Oh, if we only had some one to drill us, we could beat the tigers easily," said the deer.

"I'll drill you," said the chipmunk. "I'll drill you. You must do exactly as I say. That's the way to be a soldier."

He formed the deer in long lines, and, sitting up on Josey's shoulder, gave them orders:

"Battalion, attention! By the right, dress! Order humps! Shoulder humps! Present humps! Shoulder humps! As you were!"

The chipmunk gave orders just like a West Point man—stern, sharp, the first words of each command all run together, and the last word pouncing out as if it was going to bite somebody. Instead of saying "Shoulder arms!" he said "Shoulder humps!" because he had noticed that that was the way the real officers did it. It sounded more fierce than the other way.

After drilling them a long time to teach them how to stand in a straight line, and how to hold their horns, the chipmunk led them on a march.

He gave them a long march, and showed them how to spread out and do skirmishing. But they did not like that much. They said that they felt braver, somehow, when they were all together. So he gave the orders:

"Battalion, attention! Form squares! Prepare to receive—tiger-r-r-r-r-r-s!"

No sooner did the chipmunk say "tigers" than the deer all ran off like the wind, leaving the travelers alone. The chipmunk shouted at them to come back, but they were so frightened that they ran miles and miles before they could make their legs stop. Josey had hard work to find them.

"You're a nice lot of soldiers!" said the chipmunk, when he got them together again. "How do you ever expect to fight tigers, if you run like that at their very name?"

"It was n't the name!" said the deer. "It was the fierce way that you said it. Oh, it came out with such a jump, as if it was going to eat us all! Our legs could not stand it, and they ran away."

"It was n't your fault, I'm sure!" said Josey. "Maybe I could say it so gently that your legs would not be afraid."

So the deer were formed into squares again, and Josey said, "Prepare to receive ti-i-i-i-gers!" very gently. The deer's legs trembled a great deal, but did not run away, and that was thought to be a fine beginning.

After dinner the chipmunk made the biggest of the deer a colonel; and the two next biggest, majors; and the ten next biggest, captains. Then he formed them into squares again, and when they had been well drilled, gave the order:

"Prepare to receive tiger-r-r-r-r-r-s!"

At this command away went all the deer once more, faster than ever, and they ran farther. The chipmunk was very angry, and gave them a great scolding.

"Well," said one of the smallest of the deer, "it was a mistake to make the *big* deer officers. They can run the fastest, so of course they want to run. Now, if you made officers of the smallest deer, they would stand and try to get behind the others."

The chipmunk thought that was a very good idea. So he changed all the officers and put small deer in command. Then he tried them again with "Prepare to receive tiger-r-r-r-r-r-s!" Away and away they went. But this time the officers were behind, trying to make them stop.

When the chipmunk came up with them again he was too angry to speak at first, and they said: "It's no use trying that any more. It is n't the tigers we're afraid of; it's the dreadful tone of voice that you use."

"Well," said the chipmunk, "I did not notice that the tiger's voice is so very gentle."

The deer had no answer to make, and the chipmunk, who felt sorry for them, went on:

"I wish that I could stay with you till you beat the tigers, but we are travelers with a long way to go."

The last thing the travelers saw of them, they were digging post-holes and planting posts with great energy. But Josey never heard that they killed all the tigers.

CHAPTER XV.

THE BAD BOY, AND THE SEALS' COUNTRY.

THEY went on and on, and at length they came to a place where a little boy was sitting on a bank and dabbling his feet in a puddle of water. He had no hat on his head, and his hair was all tossed up, and he wore only one suspender. He looked up when they came near and said:

"Hallo!"

"It is n't polite to say 'Hallo!' like that," said Josey.

"Well, whatever you choose to call it," said



JOSEY MEETS THE NAUGHTY BOY.

"I thought I'd like to be a hero. Don't they have good times? How much do they get a month?"

"What a question! Heroes are not hired. They do things for the honor of it, and sometimes the people they are working for don't like them at all."

"Then I don't want to be a hero. Maybe I'd sooner be a bandit. I'd just go about with a knife and a gun and look fierce. Would n't that be nice? That would be fun, would n't it? I thought first that I'd go and kill Indians, but somebody said that the President won't let them be killed any more, somehow—or maybe he wants to save all the rest for the museum."

"Don't you think that it would be better for you if you went home to your mother, and tried to be good like George Washington?" asked Josey.

"Oh, you are just like my ma," said the boy, scornfully. "She always wants me to be nice. She's at me to shine my shoes till I wish I did n't have any feet, and to wash my face and

the boy. "It's all the same to me. Have you anything to eat?"

Josey had a basket of lovely moss-pudding that the deer had given her when she was leaving them. She handed this to the boy.

"Are you hungry?" asked Josey.

"Yes," said the boy; "I'm very hungry."

"Well, then, why don't you go home?"

"I wish I was home," said the boy; "but it is so much trouble to have to walk."

"How did you come here?"

"Oh, I was tired of being at home all the time, and my mother wants me to be President. But I don't see no fun in that, and I ain't a-goin' to do it—"

"Oh, dear! dear! dear! Please don't say it like that. Say, 'I don't think I'd like to be President, so I will not.'"

"Any way you like," said the boy. "It's all the same. I've made up my mind that I'm not goin' to be no President, so I've run away from home."

"Why, what do you want to be?"



"I'D SOONER BE A BANDIT."

hands till I wish I did n't have any face and hands, and to comb my hair till I get so mad that I wish I had n't any head at all."

Just at this time there was a sound of shouting far off in the road. Josey and the chipmunk turned to see what it was. They saw an



ONE OF THE INDIANS THE NAUGHTY BOY WAS AFTER.

old man running toward them. He had his sleeves rolled up, and a stick in his hand, and large boots on his feet, and a short beard. He seemed angry about something. When he came up to where they were standing, he shouted out: "Where 's that lazy, good-for-nothing boy?"

Josey thought that this might mean the boy that they had been talking to, and turned to look for him. He was not to be seen anywhere, though they looked high and low.

"Oh!" said the little girl, "he's gone away."

"He has, eh!" said the old man, rolling his sleeves up still more. "Well, he'll wish himself away farther than ever when I catch him again! He's gone and left the ax sticking in the woodpile, and there's no wood cut."

Then the old man ran on, and the little girl and the chipmunk continued their journey.

"That ought to be a warning," said the chipmunk, after a time.

"Yes, it ought," said Josey.

"That was a very bad boy, but I can't help feeling sorry for him," said the chipmunk.

After this strange adventure with the naughty, careless little boy, Josey and the chipmunk went on and on and on till they came to the country of the seals.

The travelers found the seals on the sea-

shore. Their homes had a beautiful floor of black and polished rock; but the place was quite wet, because the waves dashed up very high and threw spray about.

There were so many of the seals that it would have taken days and days to count them. One of them said to Josey:

"What are you doing here?"

"We have come to see your country. We are visiting all the countries," said Josey.

The seals had a long talk, and at last made up their minds to take the travelers into their country. So one of the biggest took Josey and the chipmunk and Ethel on his back, and, hopping down to the water, plunged in with a great splash. All the other seals followed.

They shot under the water almost as swiftly as a flash of light. The travelers thought that it was like flying, only that the water all about them was pleasanter than air; it was so full of sunshine, and made everything in it sparkle.



"'WHERE 'S THAT LAZY, GOOD-FOR-NOTHING BOY?'"

The seals took them to a beautiful red-and-white palace under the sea. While they were admiring the grand rooms, they noticed that all the white part was alive, and made up of little creatures each about the size of a large rain-drop, and of a color between snow and rain. These were shaped something like orange-seeds, and from their tops thread-like arms kept waving and working about.

"Oh, look at the coral insects!" said Josey.

The creatures all stopped working at once.

"Insects, indeed!" they said. "Don't you know that we're true polyps, and *animals*?"

"I beg your pardon," said Josey. "I did not mean to offend you. Won't you please tell me what you are doing?"

"We're building islands and continents, so that the work of the world may go on."

"That must take you a great time. Don't you ever grow tired?"

"No. They say that many hands make light work, and you see that each of us has many hands. We keep working away, and never think about the time at all. But if we do grow tired or frightened, or want a holiday, each of us has a house into which he can go. It is all his own, and no one else can come there."

"Now, if you will come along into the great hall," said the seal, "we will show you something that may please you better than anything you have ever seen anywhere. We're having a beauty show there."

The walls of the great hall sparkled with lights, and patches of sea-anemones, bright and many-colored, were used as decorations.

Along the sides of the hall all the seals were sitting on their tails, watching a procession of fish that was moving by. The travelers took their stand with the seals, and watched, too.

The fish all had on their very best suits. Their shapes were strange, but their clothing was beautiful. No humming-bird or fairy going to a ball ever looked finer. Everything they wore seemed to be quite new, and at first Josey did not know what to say for admiration.

Some wore the brightest, gayest colors, such as the parrots and humming-birds put on on Sundays. Others wore dresses as delicate as moonbeams and the shadows that moonlight makes among the leaves. At first you might think they had no colors, but if you looked deep, deep into them, you saw that they were clothed from head to foot with flashing jewels.

Josey could n't, for the life of her, tell which of these fish was the most beautiful. Each one that came near seemed to be that, till another took its place.

"It must be hard to know who has won the prizes," she said.

"Yes," answered the old seal to whom she

spoke. "It is always very hard, and I think it is going to be worse than ever this time. Look over there."

Josey looked and saw another procession coming. It was made up of the ugliest-looking creatures she had ever seen in all her life. There was the toad-fish, a mud-colored fellow with horns and goggle-eyes, and a great, fierce face like one of the ugliest masks at a carnival, only much worse. And there was the cat-fish, — every one knows what an ugly-looking fellow he is; and there was the dreadful sea-lizard sort of thing that is called a salamander. Behind them came outlandish crabs and lobsters, an octopus or two, and some sea-horses.

"Say!" said the toad-fish, swaggering up, "when are they going to give out those beauty prizes? I'm tired of going round and round and round. If those old judges have n't made up their minds yet, they're either asleep or else they don't know beauty when they see it."

"You may be right about that," said the old seal; "but there is so much beauty to choose from that it seemed to me to be a hard matter to decide."

"Not at all," said the toad-fish, conceitedly. "There was only one in it for the first prize."

"Who? Who? Who's the winner?"

"Why," said the salamander, looking serious and nodding at the toad-fish, "as this gentleman said, there is only one who has any claim at all."

"Who? Who? Who?" cried all the other ugly ones, elbowing each other to get in front of him.

"That is myself," said the salamander, with a contented smile.

"What?" shouted all the others, in chorus — "give a prize and then insist that you have won it yourself?"

"Why not, when I really am the most beautiful?"

"Oh, look at him! Listen to him!" shouted the cat-fish.

The salamander made a dash at the cat-fish, the cat-fish jumped for him, and the toad-fish shouted, "Eat the judges!"

"Jump on my back," said the old seal. "There's going to be trouble here. There always is at these beauty shows."

The travelers did as he told them, and shot away from the hall, while the noise of a great battle went on behind them. At the door they found a sea-horse crying.

"I would have won the first prize for beauty," he said, "but they would not let me compete. They said it was not a horse show!"

The travelers had been with the fishes and seals a long time, and had seen a great many strange things, and now they had to go on. So they bade good-by to the seals, and went into the next country, and that was the place where Topsy Turvy Town was situated.

CHAPTER XVI.

TOPSY TURVY TOWN, AND HOME AGAIN!

If you should want to go to Topsy Turvy Town yourself, without passing through all the other towns and countries, you can find it quite easily. Go and look into some little lake in the woods in Indian-summer time, when all is still. If you look down in the water you will see the town lying beneath your feet. Everything is upside down in it. You can see the blue sky ever so far down, and the trees with their tops downward and their roots upward. And you can see the people going along on their heads. But there is no use trying to enter Topsy Turvy Town from the top. If you want to see it well, and meet its people, you must come in from underneath, as Josey and the chipmunk did.



"THEY SAID IT WAS NOT A HORSE SHOW!"

Soon the chipmunk turned over on his back and went sailing along like a piece of bark going down a rapid stream.

"Oh," said Josey, "give me your little paw. This is awful, but we must keep together."

No sooner had she caught the chipmunk's

paw than she found herself going along on her head in a very strange manner.

At first the travelers were much frightened at the way things were happening, but after a time they got over the fright, and began to talk to the people who were going along beside them.

One was an old gentleman who carried a gold-headed cane fastened to one of his feet.



"LOOK INTO SOME LITTLE LAKE."

"Oh, dear!" said Josey to this man, "what makes everything go like this?"

"With gravitation attraction mixed is."

Josey thought that that did not sound like very good sense, but she said nothing. The old gentleman continued:

"To you seem very queer it must. Upside down everything here is."

"Why, what they say is all upside down!" said Josey to herself. When she tried to speak aloud she found that she could not help talking in the same manner as the people did.

"Your ideas out might fall should think I," said she.

"True is that. Fall out they do sometimes, and to pieces broken are."

Topsy Turvy Town was a very queer place to look at. Josey thought that it was the queerest she had ever seen.

When they got to the middle of the town they saw a great number of people moving about on their heads in a hurry; they were flying from place to place in a sort of dancing way, and singing this song:

Supposing a king should make a decree—

Supposing! oh, supposing!—

That sea should be land and land should be sea!

Supposing! oh, supposing!

Supposing the runner of Santa Claus' sleigh

Caught fast in the snow and the deer ran away—

Supposing! oh, supposing, oh!

The travelers were very glad when they shot out of Topsy Turvy Town, and they were

not at all sorry when, very unexpectedly, they once more found themselves in Josey's own home.

Josey did not know where she was till she alighted in her own garden on the grassy bank under the tree, with nothing to show that she had come so far. And she heard her mother's voice calling, and so she got up and ran to the house.

"Mercy, child!" said her mother, "where have you been? Your eyes are shining as if you had seen wonders. Where have you been? We were looking for you all over the house."

Josey looked up and smiled, and her mother stooped down and kissed her. "Your cheeks are just like roses," she said. "I am sure you have been to some wonderful place."

But Josey only smiled again. She had seen and heard so much that it made her silent for the time, and it was not till afterward that she told her mother all about her long journey.

THE END.



"I AM SURE YOU HAVE BEEN TO SOME WONDERFUL PLACE," SAID JOSEY'S MOTHER.



BOOKS AND READING



WHEN Edison was a boy he made up his mind to read every book in a town library, taking them in order as they stood on the shelves. Even Edison's perseverance was unequal to the task. But many boys and girls are reading in quite a senseless a fashion. As, last month, there was a word of warning for the "book scorcher," perhaps it will be well to devote a paragraph to the "omnivorous reader."

The "omnivorous reader" is usually young; for as he grows older he becomes wiser. He is likely to be lazy, or he would find something active to do during at least some of the time he gives to reading. He is likely to read much trash, since good reading ought to require thinking, and no thinking reader is likely to be "omnivorous."

After all, reading is living at second hand, and living is the first business of life.

IN response to the request of the editors, a number of our readers have written to this department making suggestions for improving the List of One Hundred Books published in the March number. We should like to print all the letters in full, but must be satisfied to quote from the correspondence a few of the most helpful criticisms.

One friend, who writes from Washington, D. C., thinks that it is wiser for young readers to wait till they grow up before reading such books as "Don Quixote," "Gulliver's Travels," and "Westward Ho!" which, in her opinion, lose something of their charm when presented in editions prepared for younger readers. We recognize the force of this suggestion, and agree that it would be best, for all reasons, if children knew nothing of many classic works until they could be read just as the authors wrote them. But, unfortunately, it too often happens that as boys and girls grow up and assume the burdens of maturity, they do not find time to read widely; they read for amusement, and, feeling that there is no leisure to cover the field of

literature at all completely, they make no attempt to test the better books. So it happens that unless the knowledge that the best books are also the most interesting is gained in childhood the busier grown-up years allow no time to make this discovery. Good editing of the classics is not easy, but few will deny that well-edited versions of them all may be found. For a first reading — a "tasting" of a book — there is little lost by editing.

THE same correspondent thinks our list should include the "Young Mountaineers," by Miss Murfree ("Charles Egbert Craddock"), and names also "Huckleberry Finn" and "Tom Sawyer," as to which there seems to be a difference of opinion among our readers, while Verne's "Journey to the North Pole" seems to her preferable to "Around the World in Eighty Days."

FROM New Haven, Connecticut, comes a letter asserting that Abbott's "Franconia Stories" please children best, and praising "Child Life," the collection of poems edited by Whittier, and "A Song of Life," by Margaret Morley. The writer also expresses her approval of "Castle Blair" — the book so highly praised by Ruskin.

FROM Illinois comes a budget of suggestions that is very welcome. Here are some of them: "A Book of Verses for Children," by Edward Verrall Lucas, is highly recommended as the most complete and interesting of such collections. Burroughs's "Pepacton" might well be replaced by "Birds and Bees, and Other Studies in Nature," the latter being "of wider range, besides including some of the best selections from 'Pepacton.'" Mrs. Ewing's "Jan of the Windmill" and "We and the World" should be added, or substituted for some of hers named.

The same correspondent names these good books as candidates for the list: "Nelly's Silver Mine," Helen Jackson; "Juan and Juanita,"

F. C. Baylor; "Fanciful Tales," F. R. Stockton; "A-hunting of the Deer," C. D. Warner; "A New England Girlhood," Lucy Larcom; Franklin's "Autobiography" (edited for children); "Twice-told Tales," Hawthorne.

FROM Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, comes an able plea by a good friend to St. NICHOLAS against "The Child's History of England," by Dickens, and it seems to us that some of the objections are well founded.

THE same correspondent names, as good editions for children: For Browning, "The Boys' Browning," and the edition in the "Riverside Literature Series." Good editions of Longfellow, Lowell, and Tennyson are in the "Riverside School Series," and "Pilgrim's Progress" is also in the same series. For "Don Quixote" she recommends those issued by Ginn & Co. and by Macmillan & Co., the latter being illustrated.

AN independent critic, a mother who reads aloud to her children, votes for Dickens's "Christmas Carol" and "Great Expectations" as against "Old Curiosity Shop" and "Nicholas Nickleby." She strongly recommends the stories of New England life by Mary P. Wells Smith. Of "The Golden Age," "Lord Fauntleroy," and "Captain January," she says they are "*about* children for grown people." As to editions, she names Rolfe's "Select Poems of Browning," the Century edition of "Pilgrim's Progress," and Henry van Dyke's "Poetry of Tennyson." The same friend incloses some most helpful lists of books — which we hope to use at a future time.

ANOTHER friend, writing from Worcester, Massachusetts, names as good editions, besides those already named by others: "Æsop's Fables," Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; A. Quiller-Couch's "Historical Plays of Shakspeare"; Sidney Lanier's "Faerie Queene" and "Canterbury Tales"; Ginn & Co.'s "Gulliver" and "Arabian Nights."

She speaks approvingly of Andrew Lang's "Fairy Books," Whittier's "Child Life," Lang, Leaf, and Meyer's "Iliad," and Palmer's "Odys-

sey"—both prose translations. She would, among others, add to our list "Ten Weeks with a Circus," by Otis, and Mrs. Wesselhoeft's series of animal stories.

THIS correspondent makes a strong plea for the early reading of history by children, saying:

Children well grounded in history are seldom, if ever, priggish—their world is too wide and too real for that; such great things have been going on, such heroic struggles, such splendid sacrifices, the young reader gets a sense of values which can never afterward be lost.

We quote the sentiment with hearty approval; for while our list of books is not meant to include books of information, it must not be thought that we believe in excluding such books from children's libraries! We prefer to confine our list to books that have no necessary connection with school-work.

THERE is so much published nowadays that it is hardly necessary to warn any reader that he cannot hope to save every interesting item he may find. Saving "scraps" soon becomes burdensome unless there is a wise limit fixed. Yet every reader—even the youngest—sees, in newspapers, magazines, pamphlets, or catalogues, bits of information worth preserving. If one is to collect clippings, a system of some sort is a necessity; but for the every-day reader it will be found sufficient to slip such fragments of knowledge into a book relating to the subject—a book you will be likely to consult when the subject again presents itself. For instance, if you find a list of an author's works arranged as they should be read, cut it out and put it inside the cover of Volume I. of that writer's works.

DID it ever occur to you that books and ships are alike? Lord Bacon once said: "If the invention of the ship was thought so noble, which carrieth riches and commodities from place to place, and consociateth the most remote regions in participation of their fruits, how much more are letters to be magnified, which, as ships, pass through the vast seas of time, and make ages so distant participate of the wisdom, illuminations, and inventions, the one of the other!"

K. R. S.



April Showers Bring May Flowers

NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

EDITED BY EDWARD F. BIGELOW.



"Among the changing months May stands confessed
The sweetest, and in fairest colors dressed."

"Then, lads and lasses all, be gay,
For this is Nature's holiday."

AT THE BEE-KEEPER'S IN SWARMING-TIME.

LET us imagine ourselves at a farm-house far back in the country, where honey-bees are kept and cared for by the old-fashioned method. It is a pleasant forenoon in the latter part of May.



PHOTO BY E. A. STERLING.
SWARM OF BEES ON A
MAPLE LIMB.

The barefooted boy that Whittier told us about rushes across the yard from the old apple-tree under which he and his friends have been playing, dashes into the house, breathless in his eager excitement, and loudly shouts:

"Mother, mother, the bees are swarming!"

Now, just why he should be in such a haste is not easily explained; probably the boy himself could not tell; but true it is that the swarming of the bees causes the boy and all others to rush around as nothing else would do but an alarm that the house or barn was on fire.

The mother needs no second summons. She

drops the work in hand, rushes out, and, shading her eyes with one hand, takes a hasty look at the cloud of bees hovering over and around one side of the old apple-tree, and excitedly exclaims:

"Yes, Ned; they're swarming, sure enough! You must run to the barn-lot corn-field, and call father and John."

And away goes Ned, with his playmates trying in vain to keep up with him.

Mother goes back into the kitchen, and makes a mixture of vinegar, molasses, and water, with which she is soon scrubbing the inside of an empty hive, to "make the new home sweet and clean for the bees."



WORKER.

The cloud of bees in the air settles lower and seems smaller as a cluster begins to form on one of the lower limbs of the tree.

By this time Farmer Rood and his "hired man" John have arrived. He first spreads on the ground a sheet that Ned has brought from the house. A small stone is placed on each corner to keep it smooth and flat. John brings the hive from the back of the house, where it has been turned bottom upward toward the sun to "dry out a little." It must be just right—not completely dried out, and yet not wet. A rail from the neighboring fence holds the hive in a slanting posi-



QUEEN.



DRONE.

tion so that the raised open edge is directly under the cluster.

When all is ready the farmer advances with one of the poles used in propping up the clothes-line in the back yard, and the rest go back a short distance. There is a minute or two of breathless suspense, and then he hits the limb with the pole, and turns and runs.

This is the signal for all to run in various directions. The cluster falls in a solid mass, but almost immediately about half the bees rise into the air, making a cloud of bees all the way from the hive to the limb, on which some settle. A few go in the hive, but often nearly all get back on the limb, and the process of knocking the limb and running away may be repeated several times. If the bees like the hive, fewer go back to the limb each time, and finally the few on the limb leave of their own accord and go into the hive with the others.

"Wall, that 's a rather handsome swarm, and airy in the season," says Farmer Rood; "so they will have lots o' time to fill the hive with honey. Old sayin 's putty true :

A swarm o' bees in May
Is worth a load o' hay.
A swarm o' bees in June
Is worth a silver spoon.
But a swarm o' bees in July
Is not worth a fly!"

But the real fun for Ned and his playmates, "a regular Fourth of July," comes in when the bees do not like the hive and want a home in some hollow tree in the forest.

Suddenly all leave the hive and limb, and form, cloud-like, in the branches and above the tree again.

"They 're going off!" some one shouts, and this is the signal for a perfect pandemonium of

noises, and for once the young folks are encouraged to make as much noise as possible. The farmer runs for his gun to fire a charge of powder near the swarm; John brings the string of big, old-fashioned sleigh-bells from the woodshed; mother appears with a "looking-glass" or bright tin pan to flash the sunlight upon the swarm; Ned pounds on an old wash-boiler;



"FARMER ROOD HITS THE LIMB WITH THE POLE."

Will blows the tin dinner-horn; and Susie throws handfuls of sand and bits of turf with clinging soil into the air.

All is in accord with the belief that the more unpleasant their trip is made, the more the air is in motion (so the hum of the queen cannot be heard, it is claimed) the greater probability that the bees will abandon it and return to the hive.

Sometimes these attempts are successful, and the bees again form in a cluster in another place, perhaps on the limb of another maple-tree, and are finally induced to make their home in the same hive, or another, as is usually tried. But if noises do not stop them, the cloud moves slowly off. They do not fly high in the air, but go faster and faster, till even running will not keep up to them.

Perhaps they will go down through the orchard, with old and young folks in eager pursuit, and then rise in the air when they come to the woods, and then away they go out of

sight, perhaps several miles to their home in a hollow tree.

You will find many interesting things about the honey-bee in the chapter, "An Idyl of the Honey-bee," in "Pepacton," by John Burroughs. Modern methods of bee-keeping have



RAISING A PANDEMONIUM TO PREVENT A SWARM OF BEES FROM GOING AWAY.

done away with the old-fashioned scenes, but in some parts of the country the antiquated processes are still followed.

THE PLANETS IN MAY.

VENUS may be seen brilliantly shining in the southwestern sky for three or four hours after sunset. It is so brilliant that it may be seen in the daytime without a telescope. Ask some one who knows astronomy to tell you about this bright star and teach you where to look for it in the daytime or twilight.

Often when Venus is especially bright, people who have not learned what it is decide that it must be an "electric balloon"!

Another planet, Jupiter (which we call the "giant planet"), rises during the evening, and may be seen in the southeastern sky soon after twilight has faded. Saturn rises about two hours after Jupiter, and not far from the same place. It cannot be well seen until about midnight.

THE SPRING MIGRATION OF BIRDS.

A WONDERFUL thing is happening now. A winged army hundreds of miles long is moving north right over our heads. It travels under cover of the night, so that, unless we listen for the calls of the regiments, or turn our telescopes to the moon and see them, as black specks, crossing its bright face, or else go to a lighthouse tower and watch for them to come to the light, we will know nothing about the advance of the main army.

But when we go early to the fields and woods, we get exciting hints of what is happening in the dark. Squads of feathered soldiers, not there the evening before, surprise us at every turn. Some of them are stopping only for the day to get food and rest to enable them to go on their journey again at night; but some of them have come to stay, for they have got back to their old homes where they built their nests last year.

It is so exciting to feel the country all filling up again with life and song, so good to see our old friends back, and to discover new ones with them, that we want to ask each bird a hundred questions. Where did this army start from? How did the leaders know the way home? How did they travel the thousands of miles they had to? It makes us want to know everything there is to know about this wonderful movement of the birds, called migration.

A great many of the birds are coming back from Central America, some as far as from southern Brazil in South America. The question is, How do they travel so far without getting lost? There are no railroads or steamship lines for them, but they have roads that serve them just as well. Some of them follow the coast-lines north, and others keep near to the great ranges of mountains and river valleys that run generally northward and southward.

They fly so high — from one to three miles above the earth — that they can see as well as we could from a balloon or a mountain-top; better than we could, for their eyes are sharper than ours. They can see probably a hundred miles all about. Then the old birds lead the way for the young to follow, and as the army probably straggles along for hundreds of miles, the birds are always within hearing of each other, so they are not very likely to get lost.

From the 1st to the 20th of May most of the birds come back to the Middle Eastern States, and you will need to go out every day and keep a sharp lookout not to miss any of them. Be sure to keep lists telling when each bird is first seen, when next seen, when it becomes common, and when it is last seen, if it nests farther north. If it nests in your neighborhood, tell when it begins nesting, when it begins brooding, when the eggs hatch, and when the young leave the nest. You can get regular



THE SPRINGTIME DRESS OF THE BOBOLINK.

"migration" blanks from the Biological Survey, Department of Agriculture, Washington.

Your lists will grow more valuable every year for comparison, for, unless the weather prevents, the birds come back on almost the same days of the month. Last spring a bird man in Washington, after looking at his lists, said to his wife, "The house-wren that built here last year is due to-morrow." The next morning, sure enough, there their little friend was, climbing around, looking into all the nesting-boxes of the year before!

FLORENCE MERRIAM BAILEY.

To keep systematic records will deepen your interest and add to your pleasure and knowledge. Tell us what new bird acquaintances you make this year.

"TINKLE OF SILVER BELLS IN THE GRASS."

WHAT beautiful music is that we hear down in the meadow! We cannot describe it. It thrills us with its glad, rollicking holiday spirit. We may fancy, with Burroughs, that we hear the



NEST OF THE BOBOLINKS.

music of silver bells, or that our charming bobolink, delighted with his Northern home, is exclaiming, in mingled laughter and song:

"Ha! ha! ha! I must have my fun, Miss Silver Thimble, Thimble, Thimble, if I break every heart in the meadow. See, see, see!"

The poet Bryant says:

Robert O'lincoln is telling his name:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink.



THE NORTHERN BOBOLINK BECOMES IN LATE SUMMER THE "RICE-BIRD" OR "REED-BIRD" OF THE SOUTH.

And Wilson Flagg says:

Now they rise and now they fly;
They cross and turn, and in and out, and down the
middle and wheel about
With a "Phew, shew, Wadolincon; listen to me,
Bobolincon."

We call him, here in the North, a "bobolink," but the scientist calls him *Dolichonyx*

oryzivorus. He comes to us in the month of May. With his high spirits, and his delirious, tinkling song, he will be the maddest, merriest, and perhaps the most enjoyable bird of the spring and early summer. He will rear his four or five birdlings in a nest hidden in the grass. But the desire for foreign travel will seize him in the last part of the summer, and he will leave us for the South. He evidently cares little for scenery, for he travels in the night. He will change his name on his journey, stopping for a little as the "reed-bird" in Delaware, where many of his brothers have fallen before the gun of the sportsman. Farther south he will fly to the Carolinas, where, as the "rice-bird," he has fed himself almost to bursting on the wild rice and oats. Dissatisfied still, farther south he will fly in search of a climate to suit his fancy. Then he will spend the winter in the West Indies, living under the name of the "butter-bird," or perhaps he will turn west and reach Central America. Before spring he may fly still farther south into South America, and may perhaps take an ocean voyage, as is claimed by some ornithologists, across six hundred miles of the Pacific Ocean to the Pacific islands. In his travels he has assumed a variety of fancy names: "May-bird," "meadow-bird," "American ortolan"; even the uncomplimentary name of "skunk-blackbird" is sometimes applied to him on account of his brilliant suit of white and black. This is worn only by the father bird in his visit to his Northern haunts. In the fall and winter his suit is like the mother bird, which is dull yellow-brown, with dark dashes on wings and tail.

PUFFBALLS ON AN OLD STUMP.

SHARP-EYED girls and boys have found much that is interesting in the fields and woods, even when Jack Frost seemed to be trying his best to catch everything living, and especially the plants. In our first trips to the woods in the last of March or in April, before there is much of new growth to be noticed, we have given the more careful attention to some things that are likely to be unnoticed among the many attractions later in the season.

On an old stump here we have found some puffballs. This kind is one of the most com-

mon found growing on wood. The learned grown-up folks call it *Lycoperdon pyriforme*, but plain "puffball" is shorter, and means more to us, so we will continue to call it that. Now, puffballs are not such rare things, especially to country young folks, and yet there are

some things about them which they may not yet have found out.

Pinch the puffball, as most girls and all boys do whenever they find



THE PUFFBALLS.

them, and out comes a small cloud of yellowish-brown dust, like a puff of smoke; for this reason we call them puffballs, or, in some parts of the country, smokeballs. Is the plant displeased with this treatment? It certainly should not be, as one of its chief aims in life has been to produce this dust, and its greatest desire is to have it scattered far and wide. If you had not helped it, it would have had to wait for the wind to do it. Let us look at this dust with the mi-



THE STUMP ON WHICH THE PUFFBALLS GROW.

croscope, and we find it is made up of a great number of minute round bodies mixed with some fine brown threads. The botanist calls these bodies "spores." They are expected to do for these lowly plants the same work that seeds do for the flowering plants—that is, the forming of new plants. But if these myr-

iads of spores all grew to mature plants, the woods would be filled with puffballs. So few of these little spores, however, ever find their way into favorable places and conditions for growing that only a small number ever succeed in becoming full-grown puffballs; thus the mother plant, whose chief work in life is to leave a good supply of puffballs when she is gone, has provided another means of growing them. If you will examine closely the soil or rotten wood on which the plant is growing, you will find some fine white threads. These are able to withstand the bites of Jack Frost, and when the conditions are favorable they grow and produce new plants. These are only a few of the interesting things connected with the lives of these humble plants, as you will find by examining and watching them closely. The winter and the early spring woods furnish many other interesting plants related to our puffballs. The under sides of old logs are favorite resorts of many of them, and Mother Nature is ever ready to reveal her beauties and secrets to young or old who inquire of her diligently.

C. L. SHEAR.

ONE OF NATURE'S LITTLE JOKES.

IN the life of our commonest plants and animals there is much well worth careful attention. Some plants do not live what we might call an ordinary life, distinct to themselves, for they are like actors, mimicking some other plants or animals or surroundings, either for protection or to secure food. Such special traits we shall observe from time to time

In nature are some things not only interesting but laughable — ludicrous in the extreme, as if nature were playing a joke for no purpose except "the fun of the thing."

Among the most noticeable of these (perhaps we will call it the clown of a fancied nature show) is the chrysalis of the Harvester butterfly, its very odd markings looking decidedly like a monkey's face. The eggs of this butterfly are laid on the leaves of alder-bushes, among the aphids, or plant-lice, which the larvæ eat. Thus living on animal food, they are carnivorous, as it is called.

The larvæ of a few other butterflies (espe-

cially those belonging to the same family) have been known to turn cannibal and eat their brothers and sisters in times of famine, but this Harvester larva is the only one truly carnivorous among our own butterflies.

Here comes in a strange fact. Our Har-

vester has a relative in Africa and another in India. Both of these also live on aphids, and their chrysalides similarly resemble monkey-faces.

The scientists call our Harvester *Feniseca tarquinius*, and think there is no purpose whatever in the mimicry — that it is only "a curious

coincidence." Of course there is no thought of joking on nature's part; but we find it amusing, and may regard it as one of "nature's little jokes" every time we see it.



DRAWING OF ENLARGED VIEW OF
CHRYSALIS OF HARVESTER
BUTTERFLY.

AN ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.

ON May 28 the moon will get between us and the sun, shutting off a part of the light; but it is not big enough to hide the sun wholly from all the earth. A large strip of our country, from southern Louisiana to the Atlantic coast at Norfolk, Virginia, is called the line of totality. Here the sun is entirely covered a little over a minute at about nine o'clock in the forenoon. The strip across the country where the sun is seen entirely covered is about thirty-five miles wide. Many astronomers and others interested, from all parts of the country, will go to different places within that strip to see this eclipse. European astronomers will observe it in the strip lying in Spain, Portugal, and Africa.

This is the first solar eclipse for thirty-one years in which the line of totality has passed through any part of the United States east of the Mississippi River. The eclipse of 1878 was total in some parts of the West. People in California, however, saw two total eclipses of the sun, one in 1880 and one in 1889.

LETTERS FROM YOUNG NATURALISTS.



DOING GREAT THINGS.

WHAT are you going to be and to do when you are grown up?

Most young folks build "air-castles" — look into the future with pleasant imaginings of becoming fa-

mous, doing much good, filling some place of influence, or doing some heroic act. Such ambitions are praiseworthy, but don't forget that you need not wait till you are grown up in order to make a beginning. At home, in the school-room, or on the playground, you may do good and live to some purpose. The best way to prepare for the future is to be and to do *now*. With good health, and the ability to think and to see, you are already rich. You will never acquire anything really more precious than these. And then, as to great deeds, here is what Ruskin said: "The greatest thing a human soul ever does in this world is to *see* something, and tell what it saw in a plain way. Hundreds of people can talk for one who can think, but thousands can think for one who can see."

Why may not every ST. NICHOLAS girl and boy cherish the ambition to be one of the few who can really *see*? Perhaps you are one of the many who can think, and will tell us why Ruskin, and others, regard it as so rare an accomplishment to see.

Some of our letters from young naturalists show that they not only like to write, but can think and *see*, and tell clearly what they see.

This letter is answered on page 647.

GATHERING WILD FLOWERS AND FERNS.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As I am an ardent lover of nature, when I was visiting in the White Mountains last summer, I walked through many a field and wood

for the purpose of finding some new curiosities. And my wish was gratified, for each time I found something of particular interest. I pressed a great many different kinds of wild flowers and mounted them, but they seemed to lose some of their original color each time, though I was very careful of them. Will you be kind enough to tell me what I may do to prevent this? I also found over twenty different kinds of ferns, some of which were very beautiful.

Your sincere friend,

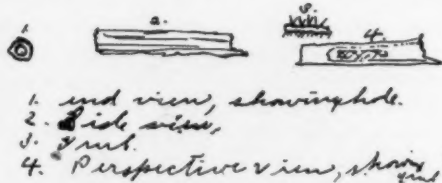
RUTH F. ELIOT.

Do not confine your searching to "curiosities" in the sense of freaks or rare things of nature. Older nature students sometimes make that mistake. Of course you wish to see the "wonderful" and "interesting" things; but remember that the commonest things in nature are beautiful "curiosities," and worth the most careful attention. It is pleasant to find new things — to make new acquaintances; but, after all, it is most profitable and enjoyable to know old friends better, and to strengthen old friendships. The daisy, the butterfly, the robin, and other common things should mean more and more to each of us as the years go by.

LARVA IN A PIECE OF WOOD.

CARBONDALE, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I recently found in a shallow part of a lake a hollow piece of wood, about an inch and a half long and two eighths of an inch in diameter, con-



taining a grub about half of an inch long. I was much interested in the little animal, and send you a drawing and description of it.

Your reader,

KENDALL MORSE.

This is evidently the larva of some insect, but the description will apply about equally well to at least three or four orders. I suspect that it is one of the larger caddis-flies, possibly the *Neuronia*, which was described in the February number, and is not uncommon in New York and Pennsylvania. To identify accurately I must have the specimen, for there are some differences that cannot easily be observed, and are even more difficult of description.

"BECAUSE I WANT TO KNOW."

In the sitting-room a little girl is playing with a pile of alphabet-blocks. She holds up one and says: "What letter is that? I want to learn to read, so I can read books for myself."



And so we help her gladly, knowing how much she will enjoy books when she is older. Now she has to say, "Please read to me." And then we gladly read some book for the youngest folks, perhaps the "Mother Goose" or the

"Kitty" book—and she is happy and quiet. And you and I know what a wealth of books there are for her to read as she grows older.

On the table near is a little pile of specimens and some letters from the girls and boys. And each is a "want to know" about a letter in the alphabet of the wonderfully interesting book of nature. How gladly many will help all those who want to read this marvelous book, that is a source of lifelong pleasure to its readers.

"Why, he can't read!" How we pity one who does not know how to read! But if we were to speak of reading the "book of nature," we can sorrowfully say that many men and women have not been taught to read this most fascinating of all books. We should learn to read nature's alphabet as well as the alphabet of man's invention.

PRESERVING COLOR OF PRESSED FLOWERS.

[See letter from Ruth F. Eliot, printed on the preceding page.]

THE more rapid the drying, the better the color and appearance of the pressed flowers. The best press to use is one made of wire or of latticework such as the one carried by the boy in the foreground of the picture of "Young Naturalists on a Collecting Trip," in the March

number. This is light and very easy to take into the field. In place of the usual drying-sheets, or with them, slate-colored cotton wadding, to be obtained at dry-goods stores, may be used. Hang the press back of the stove or in some other very warm place. The heat assists in rapid drying, which results in preserving the color as much as possible. Change the cotton often, except with plants of delicate texture, which are likely to become wrinkled if moved before they are dry. Too much pressure may destroy both form and color.

LIKES ST. NICHOLAS AND GEOLOGY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to become a member of the St. Nicholas League. I am interested in nature and science. Mr. Bigelow visited this town last year, taking all the children over the hills and in the marshes. I would like to ask how sandstone is formed and about petrified forests in Arizona. Long may the ST. NICHOLAS continue to be published!

MORTON E. NOURSE.

Sandstone is rock made from sand that was originally deposited by water in beds, and later, through a long period of time, has become cemented together. A very interesting account of the petrified forests of Arizona was published in ST. NICHOLAS for December, 1891.

HOW THE IVY CLINGS TO THE WALL.

TORONTO, CANADA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little Canadian girl. I go to school and am in the fourth junior division. My brother took you for four years, and now I am taking you. I am a great lover of nature and have read several nature books.

In the question department I wish to ask, What makes the ivy cling to the wall? Hoping to see this letter published, I remain,

Your admiring reader,

GLADYS GURNEY.

The poison- or three-leaved ivy climbs by numerous little aerial rootlets, that is, little roots that grow in the air just as others grow underground, which attach themselves to the wall or the bark of a tree. The American ivy or Virginia creeper sometimes has a few of these roots, but usually depends on tendrils, a slender part of the plant that shortens by coiling in a spiral. At the end of each of the tendrils of this ivy, and also those of the very ornamental Japanese ivy, there are about six small branches. At the end of each branch there is a firmly flattened portion, called a disk, by which it clings to the stone.



"The buttercup is on the hill,
The violet on the lea,
And dandelions everywhere
That nod to welcome me.

"There 's blossom now in lane and wood,
There 's song in field and tree,
While little boats nod on the bay,
And all do welcome me."

MARCH buffets us about, lays a rude hand upon us, and seems to say: "Go home; I have work to do, and you are in my way!" April's welcome is a treacherous one, or, at best, uncertain. But May—well, even if she does mislead us now and then, and give us a dash of cool water where she promised us only sunshine, she brings us so much else to pay for it all that we forgive her, and love her with love that never grows older or colder while life endures.

That the young verse-makers love this season is shown by the number of poems received, both for this and for last month. More than ever before,—more than twice as many,—while the average of excellence is very high. In fact, over fifty per cent. more contributions of all classes were received this month, and the increase of League membership has been much greater than during any month preceding. What more can we ask or expect?—even though there are still a few contributors who forget their ages and

parent's indorsement; and these things have destroyed the chances of a prize more than once, as much to our regret as to the sender's.

It is pleasant to note that some of those who have perseveringly contributed something every month are beginning to win prizes. That is the way to win—to try, try again. It is the only way. If there comes no encouragement whatever, after several trials, it may be because you have undertaken something unsuited to you. If

you have written five stories, for instance, and not obtained even honorable mention, suppose you try a poem, or a drawing, or a photograph, or a puzzle, or puzzle-answers. There are many ways to obtain recognition through perseverance and conscientious effort. We cannot all have genius, but we can all have industry and perseverance, and in the long run the difference between these and genius is said to be



"MY SOUTHERN SCHOOL IN WINTER." BY DOROTHY COWPERTHWAIT. (GOLD BADGE.)

hardly noticeable. Remember this, and that the value of faithful effort is worth more to us than the winning of a gold or silver badge.

TO NEW READERS. The St. Nicholas League is an organization of ST. NICHOLAS readers.

To any reader of the magazine, or to any one desiring to become such, a League membership badge and an instruction leaflet will be mailed free upon receipt of a written application, accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelope.

Every boy and girl should be a reader of "St. Nicholas," and every reader of "St. Nicholas" should be a member of the St. Nicholas League.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION NO. 5.

As was the case last month, we have felt justified in awarding some additional gold and silver badges in this competition. The average of excellence in prose composition is not so high as in verse, drawing, and puzzle-making. Perhaps really fine prose is, after all, the most difficult form of artistic expression. Or is it that the new generation is born with an ear for numbers and an eye for form?

POEM. "A Day in the Woods."

Gold badge, Margaret D. Gardiner (age 16), 29 Elk Street, Albany, New York.

Silver badges, Lorraine Roosevelt (age 13), Eden Hotel, Rome, Italy, and Kate Strouse (age 13), Rockville, Indiana.

PROSE. "One Day at School."

Gold badge, Etta Stein (age 14), Jewish Orphan Asylum, Cleveland, Ohio.

Silver badge, Knight Recter (age 13), San Saba, Texas.

DRAWING. "A Winter Evening."

Gold badges, Reinhold Palenske (age 15), 890 Hayne Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, and Alfred P. Hanchett, Jr. (age 16), 120 Fourth Street, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

Silver badges, Nelsie Rockwood (age 13), 1319 North Meridian Street, Indianapolis, Indiana, and Stuart B. Wilkins (age 15), 24 Middle Street, Gloucester, Massachusetts.

PHOTOGRAPH. "My School in Winter."

Gold badge, Dorothy Cowperthwait (age 11), 62 Pierrepont Street, Brooklyn, New York.

Silver badge, J. Parsons Greenleaf (age 11), Rynex Corners, New York.

PUZZLE. The answer to contain the name of some flower that blooms in May.

Gold badge, Edith M. Thompson (age 15), 101 West Eighty-fifth Street, New York City.

Silver badges, Frances Richardson (age 12), St. Johnsbury, Vermont, and H. Burlew Smith (age 17), Blawensburg, Nova Scotia.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Best and neatest and most complete set of answers to February puzzles.

Gold badge, Eleanor Felton (age 13), 6399 Woodbine Avenue, Overbrook, Pennsylvania.

Silver badge, Weston O'B. Harding (age 13), 142 North Broadway, Baltimore, Maryland.

SPECIAL BADGES.

As usual, our little folks have sent some remarkable contributions, and, in addition to the "wild animal" prize, we are awarding some silver badges for work of unusual excellence done by very young League members.

POEM. "A Day in the Woods."

Silver badge, Grace Reynolds Douglas (age 9), 240 South River Street, Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania.

PROSE. "One Day at School."

Silver badge, Amalia E. Lautz (age 10), 31 Dodge Street, Buffalo, New York.

DRAWING. "A Winter Evening."

Silver badge, Addison F. Worthington (age 11), St. Denis Station, Baltimore, Maryland.

PHOTOGRAPH. "My School in Winter."

Silver badge, John F. Reddick (age 9), Highland Park, Illinois.

PUZZLE. The answer to contain the name of some flower that blooms in May.

Silver badge, Frances Renée Despard (age 11), 36 West Fifteenth Street, New York City.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Silver badge, Edith L. Lauer (age 11), Saranac Lake, New York.

WILD ANIMAL OR BIRD PHOTOGRAPH. 1. "Coon."

Gold badge and five dollars, by James L. Claghorn, Vintondale, Cambria County, Pennsylvania.

2. "Squirrel." Gold badge and three dollars, by Willie Vaughan, 2185 Broadway, New York City. No third award.

It is gratifying to note that much more interest has awakened among the young photographers, and the change in the rules, allowing now any size to compete, will make it possible for any one with a camera to try for a prize.

MY FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL.

BY ETTA STEIN (AGE 14).

(Gold Badge.)

My first day at school was a novel one to me—a never-to-be-forgotten day. I was six years old, and the anticipations of the arrival of my sixth birthday can better be imagined than described. How I longed to be a school-girl, and carry books, and write on spelling-slips,



"MY SCHOOL IN WINTER." BY J. PARSONS GREENLEAF. (SILVER BADGE.)

and spell big words — great, big, long words, oh, so long! And oh, the bitter disappointments of that day, when I returned and could not even spell a little word, and the stories whose pictures I had eyed so eagerly were still beyond my powers! How bitterly I felt toward my teacher because she did not make me at once familiar with the mysteries of the A B C book and the hieroglyphics of numbers! Alas! I returned from my first school-day not a bit wiser, but, instead, hungry and tired.

The morning had seemed so long! I thought it never would come to an end. The teacher, who at first seemed to be a lovely lady, soon lost my interest, and instead I became so lonesome and homesick that I cried. The children laughed at me, and then — how I hate to confess it, but it is the truth nevertheless! I just could not help it — I — I fell asleep. And when I awoke I cried again, only this time louder, because everything looked so strange and unfamiliar — the rows of desks, and funny little seats; and the teacher's face seemed so odd that I became frightened; and last, but not least, my brand-new slate, with the pretty red cover, which I carried so proudly to school, made such a hard pillow, so that I could not help crying hard. And I went home resolved never to go to school again, and my resolve brought more tears, and again still more tears and sobs as all the members



"MY SCHOOL IN WINTER." BY JOHN F. REDDICK, AGE 9.
(SPECIAL SILVER BADGE.)

of the household prophesied a dunce's career for me—me, the pet of the household.

But years have passed. I am now finishing the last grade of that same school whose first day brought so much anguish to my little foolish heart. The prophecy respecting my sad career has not come true, for though only a plodding pupil, yet I master my lessons of each day, and next summer I am fondly expecting my reward for completing the rest of the course of my first school-day.

A DAY IN THE WOODS.

BY MARGARET D. GARDINER (AGE 16).

(Gold Badge.)

I WANDERED to the woods one day, when winter ruled the land,
And saw the earth agleam with ice, touched by a fairy wand.

The ground lay white and pure and soft, a carpet all of snow;

The sun shone brightly through the trees, where icicles hung low.

I seemed to see a sleeping child, lips parted in a smile,
That told me of the joys of spring, hid by the snow awhile.

The months flew by, and spring was there. Once more I sought the wood.

The leaves were opening in the breeze; the sun was warm and good;

The flowers opened wondering eyes, and looked into the sky;

The wind was full of odors sweet, the air of melody.

The earth was like a fair, sweet maid, too young as yet for sin,

Her eyes too clear to dread the light—a dream our hearts to win.

In summer's heat I saw the wood, alive with bird-note calls,

With yielding mosses, cool green ferns, the leaping waterfalls.

All nature stood, one splendid form, a woman fair to see,

Her brow with scarlet poppies crowned, her laugh like ripples free.

The promise of the winter smile, the budding of the spring,

Here find their great fulfilment, here the end of which they sing.

And now I saw the autumn woods, when trees and flowers were dry,
When brooks were weary of their song, and stormy winds fled by.

I saw a graceful, lovely maid, wild locks about her thrown,

Asleep—no, dead—upon the moss, unwatched, unloved, alone—

Sweet autumn, last of all my loves, dead in the woodland there,

With red and golden fallen leaves all tangled in her hair.

ONE DAY IN SCHOOL.

BY KNIGHT RECTOR (AGE 13).

(Silver Badge.)

It was a hot day in July. The heat of the Southern summer was over all. The pupils of a public school were idly stretching themselves or droning at their lessons with a monotonous hum. Even the birds were asleep, and the only thing stirring outside was a June-bug, who was working away with all his might, as if in contrast with the lazy stillness. A reeky glare brought into bas-relief the rudely carved motto on the wall:

"Be not like dumb driven cattle:
Be a hero in the strife."

"Class A," said the teacher, and a motley group of boys and girls filed up to the recitation-bench; some with a look of mild astonishment; others with faces full of relief at having a variation in the monotony of study; still others with the "countenance of a ready pupil." It was geography, and the teacher soon found a hard question. A perceptible stir ran through the class, followed by a look of confidence assumed to mislead their questioner, and gradually lapsing into silence. At last



"COON." BY JAMES L. CLAGHORN. (FIRST PRIZE,
"WILD ANIMALS.")

the question is answered, and the lucky pupil "goes head," with a smile of triumph, complemented by a sigh of relief from the "drags."

The class is excused, and a pupil takes advantage of the ensuing *mélée* to stick another boy in the back with a pin. The assaulted one replies with a furtive kick, but is speedily roused by the teacher's voice: "James, come up and stand on the floor."

"Professor, what uz I a-doin'?"

"Come on the floor"; and the delinquent lurches forward with a surly leer.

And so it goes through the long days of our life in this miniature world of the school—the dawn of many a great and noble life, the happiest days in the lives of many, who, like John Randolph, after a long and brilliant career, can see their efforts summed up in that one sad word, "remorse."

May every pupil in our great country follow the noblest impulses of his school-days, and pray the prayer of Kipling:

"Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget!"

A DAY IN THE WOODS WITH NATURE.

BY LORRAINE ROOSEVELT (AGE 13).

(*Silver Badge.*)

As the brambles fast entwined, sheltering yonder lovely flowers,
As the ivy climbing, clinging to this grand old oak of ours,
Thus doth nature firm embrace us, twine her tendrils round our hearts,
Make us love her more each season, give us lessons, teach us arts,
Show us how each plant, each flower, has a meaning known to her,
From the rose and tiger-lily to the daisy and the burr.
All the little streams and brooklets, bubbling o'er in mirthful glee,
Tearing, dashing, rushing, splashing, down the mountains on their spree,
All the ferns and trees and bushes, all the plants and flowers we know,
They are hers through spring and summer, autumn and old winter's snow.

ONE DAY AT SCHOOL.

BY JANET PERCY DANA (AGE 13).*

MARGARET BRETT and Alice Harden sat close together, reading out of the same book. It was bound in brown leather, and its pages were filled with the prim, regular handwriting of the eighteenth century. On the outside of the cover was pasted a small piece of paper with the words:

"DOROTHEA BRETT,
Her Book."

Written on the fly-leaf, in the same hand and evidently by the same person, was another inscription recording that this was a diary kept by Dorothea while at Mistress Sharpe's Academy in 1773. Both girls were amused, and laughed heartily at the various entries which Margaret read aloud.

"Listen," said she, as she commenced, in a half-tragic, half-comic tone, the entry for January 14, 1773:

"To-day has been exceeding cold. The water with

which we do wash was frozen, and I did break the ice with a bellows nozzle in order to perform my toilet.

"We did have several studies, at which I answered two questions, put by Mistress Sharpe, who told me that I was improving and spoke in a seemly manner. But some evil spirit must have tempted me, and in the spinning hour I did twice smile most irreverently at Mistress Sharpe while she was reading an improving book, the title of which has escaped my mind. For this great wickedness I was forbidden to speak to my companions for the remainder of the hour. These, with their virtuous looks and sad head-shakings, did almost make me laugh aloud, an immodesty which young women should not be guilty of, says Mistress Sharpe. This was not the end, however, for after our supper of bread and milk—to improve our complexions—I was called before her and received a sermon as lengthy as Parson Graves's, on my faults and improprieties. I was then sent to my chamber, where I am now writing this. I



"SQUIRREL." BY WILLIE VAUGHAN. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD ANIMALS.")

fear I am hardly meek enough or sufficiently ashamed of my sins."

"Come," said Margaret, as she finished, "I will show you her picture."

Alice followed her friend, and both girls gazed at the portrait in the old-fashioned gown.

"I fear I am not sufficiently ashamed," quoted Margaret.

"Poor Dorothea!" said Alice, and they smiled again.

A DAY AT SCHOOL.

BY ETHEL L. ROURKE.

In the little school-house nothing could be heard but a busy hum of study. Little Martha Tibbetts, however, could not put her mind on the multiplication-table before her. Rousing from her idle spell, she forced herself to repeat the "sixes," and had commenced to say "seven times one are seven, seven times two are fourteen," when her thoughts wandered to her father's words on the night before: "Lafayette is now in this country, and possibly will pass through this part of the

* This author won a gold badge in Competition No. 2. The rules allow a member but one prize in six months.



"WILD FOWL." BY STANLEY RANDALL.
(Master Randall won first prize in March.)

State." Lafayette! What *would* not Martha give to see the brave hero of Revolutionary times! To her young mind, Lafayette was excelled in fame and glory only by Washington.

The sound of a horn in the hollow disturbed her day-dreams.

The teacher, Miss Brown, stepped quickly to the window and looked out, then turned to the pupils, saying quietly, "Put on your wraps, children, and follow me to the road." The wondering pupils did as their teacher directed, and were soon in the little school-yard.

"I will now tell you," said Miss Brown, slowly, "why you are here. That gentleman at the head is *Lafayette*. Now, girls, curtsy your very best, and boys, bow."

Then you should have seen the bobbing up and down on the part of the girls.

As the great general approached, Miss Brown extended her hand, saying, "General Lafayette, I believe."

"Yes, madame," he gravely replied, and then rode away.

That was all. Martha Tibbetts is a very old lady now, but she loves to think of that day at school long ago.

A DAY IN THE WOODS.

BY KATE STROUSE (AGE 13).

(*Silver Badge.*)

I CALLED upon the crystal brook,
I picked a flower there;
I lingered in the shady nook
Where sleeps the maidenhair.

I pondered on the mossy bank,
I climbed the grassy hill;
I picked the violets growing rank
Beside the silent rill.

I slept in many a shady bower,
I dreamed in many a tree;
Forgetful of the time and hour,
I soared with bird and bee.

The golden sun sinks in the sky,
And dim grows heaven's dome;

My feet are tired, and so am I,
So I will hasten home.

Good-by, green wood! Your flowers and trees
Have formed a shady rest
And made a day of happiness
For one who loves them best.

A DAY IN THE WOODS.

BY GRACE REYNOLDS DOUGLAS (AGE 9).

(*Special Silver Badge.*)

MORNING.

I WALKED in the woods in the morning,
And I saw the fairy lace
That the spiders had spun in the moonlight,
As a veil for the fairy's face;
And the dewdrops sparkled like jewels,
And the birds sang in the trees,
And the flowers held up their dainty heads,
With honey for the bees.

NOON.

I roamed in the woods at noon-time,
But the fairy lace was gone!
And the jewels that sparkled brightly
Were stolen by the sun.
The bees hummed cheerfully to the brook,
As they both went on their way;
And for the creatures of the woods
It was a happy day.

EVENING

I walked in the woods at twilight,
When all was hushed and still
But the hooting owls, and the brooklet,
And the voice of the whippoorwill.
I felt so very happy
That I could do no wrong;
For God, like the stars, was watching,
And helped me make this song.

ONE DAY AT SCHOOL.

BY AMALIA E. LAUTZ (AGE 10).

(*Special Silver Badge.*)

ONE day at school, Alice, who was sitting near a broken ventilator, began to smile. We heard a noise as if a kitten were purring, but that was all. In a few



"A WINTER EVENING." BY DOROTHY JENKS, AGE 13.

minutes we all began to smile and giggle, counting the teacher, for we heard a long-drawn "miaow."

Soon a tousled head appeared, and out of the hole in the ventilator came the sweetest little kitten we had ever seen; it frisked about, but we laughed, and it skipped back into its hole.

After that we brought it bits of our lunch, and we soon became acquainted. We had lots of fun, but I do not know what happened to it in vacation.

A DAY IN THE WOODS.

BY HORATIO G. WINSLOW (AGE 17).*

In packing the baskets what ages were spent,
In getting things ready, in renting the tent!
The carryall carried us all as we went
For that day in the woods.

We found the mosquitos had gathered in force;
Poor Johnny was kicked by a wandering horse;
The baby fell down in the jelly—of course!—
That day in the woods.

The ants and the crickets got into the cake,
And "Fido" ran off with the newly cooked steak;
We saw, to our horror, the hammock-rope break—
That day in the woods.

Poor Willie fell into a bumblebees' nest;
The bees and their stings seemed to be at their best,
And they—well, there 's no use in telling the rest
Of that day in the woods.

The clouds which were threat'ning grew terribly black;
We gathered together and started off back,
With dishes and baskets and food in a stack,
From that day in the woods.

It rained and it poured and it hailed and it blew,
And we, reaching home, a most spiritless crew,
Were thankful to think we were thoroughly through
With that day in the woods.

A DAY IN THE WOODS.

BY HENRY REGINALD CAREY (AGE 9).

I SAW a little rivulet
A-running down a hill;
And it was singing merrily,
As every river will.
It was nice to hear it singing
As it ran along its banks,
Where the grasshopper was springing,
With his long and slender flanks.

TWO INTERESTING EXTRACTS.

CHILDREN who attend schools where the heat is supplied from "somewhere downstairs" that they don't have to think about, will be interested in this account of a little Western boy, Volant Vashon Ballard (age 9), who tells of

A DAY AT SCHOOL AS JANITOR.

WHEN I was janitor at our little school in the hills (which looked very much like a barn) it was in winter, and the frost nearly froze my feet in the morning. I

* This author won the silver badge for prose in Competition No. 4. A member can win but one prize in six months.

used to go to school by a short cut, along a little creek that led through the brush.

As it was so cold, the first thing to be done, on arriving, was to light the fire. It was always a bother to find the hatchet and something to split for kindling. When that was finished I got a bucket of water, and after that I had time to play.

And here is a picture of an old-time church service, which another little boy, Avriett McLean (age 8), learned about during his

ONE DAY AT SCHOOL.

THIS is Monday morning, and the ground is covered



"A WINTER EVENING." BY R. PALENSKE, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)

with snow. We played in the snow as we were coming to school.

We had a nice lesson to-day about a boy being kind to one who was mean to him. And that is what heaping coals of fire means. Our teacher read us a story about colonial Sunday. In those days they did not have any church bells. They did not need any, for the people got up early. A man stood on the church steps and beat a drum. The people were ready, so they got their guns and Bibles and went to church. They were afraid of the Indians. They put the children on one side of the church. They had a tithing-man, who carried a pole with a knob on one end and a squirrel-tail on the other. If the children laughed or played, he would hit them on the head with the knob. If he caught a woman nodding, he tickled her with the other end. They were all afraid of him. Now it is half after three and school is out, so I must hurry home.

A DAY IN THE WOODS.

BY CAROL J. HURD (AGE 10).

OVER the hillside we climbed, one day,
Sister and Clara and I;
The sky was blue, and the sun was gold,
And the grass was long and dry.

We ate our lunch on the highland cliff,
And we played till the sun went down.
We built a house for the fairies fair,
Of leaves and twigs that were brown.

Down the hillside we climbed that day,
Sister and Clara and I;
To the shore we fled and homeward sped,
For the whistling boat was nigh.



"A WINTER EVENING." BY ALFRED F. HANCHETT, JR., AGE 16.
(GOLD BADGE.)

A DAY IN THE WOODS.

BY MARGUERITE M. HILLERY (AGE 13).

It was dawn; and the drops of the delicate dew
That shone on the summer flowers
Had sprinkled the grasses through and through
Like the rain of the April showers.

The rays of the sun had forced their way
Through the branches and foliage above,
And the doves that had wakened at break of day
Cooed softly their message of love.

And the bright little sparrows were wide awake
As they sang in the tree-tops high,
While the shadows they fell on the silvery lake
Like smiles of the summer sky.

So the flowers smiled and the birdies sang
At some bright little country maid,
And Apollo's chariot-horses sprang
O'er the hill on the downward grade.

And the afternoon shadows grew long and dark
'Neath the blue of the summer sky,
And even the song of the cheery lark
Had ceased at the sun's good-by.

Then the bright little stars came twinkling out
With the radiant moon, that cast
Its silvery shadows round about,
For the day in the woods had passed.

GEMS FROM YOUNG POETS.

WE are going to start the "Gems" this time with our youngest contributors, and the very youngest of them this month is Nicholas Roosevelt, six years old. He has not attempted rhyme, but given us a simple, pretty picture in a few words:

One day I was in the lovely woods,
And growing around me were many trees,
And I wandered on in the lovely path
Till I came at last to the open fields.

Then we have two poets of seven. First, Ruth Eliza Pett, who tells of her walk and says:

Soon I saw a little pig,
And on his toes he danced a jig.
I then went near him, and he said,
"Good morning," and he bowed his head.
Then I said, "Good morning," too;
Piggy said, "Why, how are you?"
The pig and I went off together—
Nice and sunny was the weather.

That is very good indeed, for seven; and Kenneth G. Hamilton's first four lines are realistic and funny, too:

Far in the woods where the moss is green
Birdies are seen,
And around the stump
The frogs do jump.

The poets of eight come next, with three very good selections. Russell S. Cooney says:

There once was a clown who came to town
With a elephant, horse, and a donkey;
The elephant snored as if he were bored,
While the horse he danced and the donkey he pranced,
And that is the end of my rhyme.

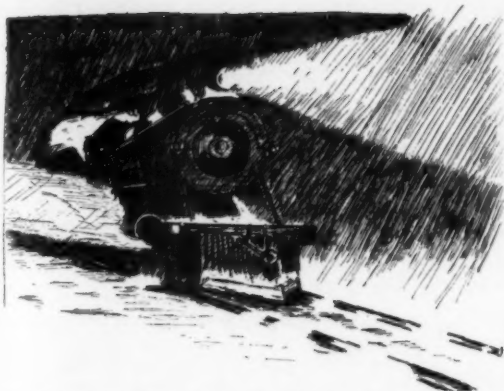
Fritz B. Gilbert has genuine poetic feeling in these lines:

At evening we walked in the silent coolness
To the house at the foot of the hill;
And there we settled and went to sleep
Hearing the sound of the mill.

And the same may be said of this little autumn picture by Phoebe Hunter:

The trees are bare and the grass is brown,
While the leaves in the wind come rustling down;
In among them I love to play,
And there I spend 'most all the day.

The green mossy carpets, nature's own gift,
Are more beautiful to me than any we have,



"A WINTER EVENING." BY STUART B. WILKINS, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

sings Leon Sidney Taylor (age nine), and then come our little poets of ten. There are a good many of these, and they tell us of a variety of things. Charles Upton Pett's "Day in the Woods" we think must have been a dream after a rich picnic supper. Charles says:

I saw a hare that jumped a log,
And after him there came a dog.
The hare leaped high into the air,
And fell upon a grizzly bear.

But Arthur Beck Hamilton has really been to the woods:

Far deep in the woods
Is a snug little dell
Where the bees do hum,
And the woodpeckers drum,
And the columbines sweetly smell.

Theodora Maud North remembers that nice things to eat and talk about have a good deal to do with a fine landscape:

Upon the grass our lunch we spread;
The oak-tree all its shadows shed.
We talked about some book we 'd read,
While on the cake and pie we fed.

Then said Daisy, very hearty,
"Come join the children's party,"

writes Olive Beverly, while Sam Smart does not forget the alarms of war. His poem is entitled "In the Woods at Tugela," and begins thus:

The English came as in a dream,
And spied a boat upon the stream;
So nice it looked and fair
That they passed across unaware,
Ne'er suspecting that behind those hills
Were men who 'd said their prayers and
signed their wills.

William U. L. Williams has a more peaceful fancy:

Josie and I went out, one day,
In the woods.
We went to see the squirrels run,
And jump about and have their fun,
In the woods.

Maude Horton Brisse is a pensive little girl, and writes well:

Can you think of anything
As pretty as a day in spring?

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As wandering till the light of day
Shall grow dim and fade away?

Elizabeth Appleton Cutler sounds a note of caution which we can remember with profit:

But every little child must hearken,
When the skies begin to darken,
To mother's voice which stops their play,
In the pleasant woods of May.

No skies darkened over Ned Ranger, who says:

We spent the day in Phelps's wood,
We and our friends together;
Each took his share of luncheon good—
And oh, what splendid weather!

And Ruby Knox adds:

Tired were we when we reached home,
Hungry as children could be,
Laden with flowers and ferns and mud,
And all of us ready for tea.

In introducing the poets of eleven we wish to say that "minutes" does not really rhyme with "limits," nor "skate" with "lake," though Karl M. Mann has found it necessary to attempt this in order to keep to his facts:

We went past the city limits,
And through the woods to the lake;
We stayed there but forty minutes,
So had little time to skate.

Elizabeth Babcock's party had a merry time:

They ran hither and thither,
And this way and that;
Three girls tore their frocks,
And a boy lost his hat.

But to Muriel Seeley belongs the honor of having the last and best "gem" of the poets of eleven this month: The elm-tree leafless stands, the oak is bare, The maple flings weird arms high in the air; Things have a barren look—the grass once green is dead,
And, as I walk about, sounds to my tread.



"A WINTER EVENING." BY NELSIE ROCKWOOD, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

But now 't is growing dark, and
so good-by,
Bare woods, and little birds that
to your shelter fly.

With the poets of twelve comes
Nina Elizabeth Prettyman, who
sounds the call "to the woods" in
a manner that most of us will echo:

We're off for a picnic, boys, oh, oh!
We'll have a jolly time, I know.
I hope ma brought the cake and
jam,
And put in plenty of eggs and ham.

Mary K. Harris regards the woods as a great school:

The roof is upheld by brown pillars,
The chairs are the bushes and trees,
The ornaments beautiful flowers,
And the teachers in work the bees.



BY HELEN HILL, AGE 16.

Robert Hammatt's heart was happy in the woods.
He tells us why:

Because I saw the trees in green,
The sky was painted blue,
The birds were singing high and sweet,
The grass was springing, too.

Fanny R. Hill says:

We played games 'mongst the green-leaved trees,
And picked the violets which one sees
In very enormous quantities.
The children played tag and hide-and-seek;
But one of the little boys did peek,
Which the children thought was ridiculous,
So they went and read the ST. NICHOLAS.

"ST. NICHOLAS" does n't quite rhyme with "ridiculous," but it's always the proper thing to turn to when matters don't go well.

There is true poetry in these lines by Amy King Everett:

Oh, little spring-beauties like stars in the grass!
Was it God who planted you there in a mass?

From the poets of thirteen we quote but two selections. Irene Ran, who saw a cat just about to leap on an inoffensive squirrel, says:

I took a stone and aimed it square,
Right at the silky skin;



BY ADDISON F. WORTHINGTON, AGE 11.
(SPECIAL SILVER BADGE.)

It flew so straight, it hit the
mark—
I'd saved the cat from sin.

The countless readers who admire the works of the late H. C. Bunner will be pleased to see that his little daughter, Nancy Bunner, also has the gift of rhyme:

Of all the seasons who can choose:
The summer with its brilliant hues,
The autumn woods in red and gold,
The winter woods so bare and cold,
Or spring in garb of tender green—
What fairer thing than woods are
seen?

Dorothea Davis (age fourteen), tells how it seems to be lost in the woods:

One day I was lost in the woods so large,
And the twilight was coming on soon.
In the brook each frog was a living barge,
That steered by the light of the moon;
And all through that beautiful night
I dreamed of the fairies around,
And I heard the jays scream and fight,
And I saw the mole building his mound.

Then we have the poets of fifteen, and the first of these, Margaret Rossell, tells of two little girls who gathered flowers for the sick:

And so the little maids
Worked through the fair spring day.
Say, children, do you know
That is the angels' way?

Harold U. Scott's picnickers stirred up a bumble-bee's nest and had a lively time:

When it came out they ran and holloed,
And the bumblebee he followed.
He would sting first one and then the t' other,
And then he'd raise a yell from another.

Ida O'Connell goes to the woods to learn, and rightly:

In the woods I'd lie and listen,
'Neath a giant oak-tree curled;
There I'd learn the lore of nature
And the beauty in the world.

While Margaret R. Brown tells of the waking of the bear:

I spent a day in the woods,
And the beasts were all astir;
The bear had come from his winter den
And shed his winter fur.

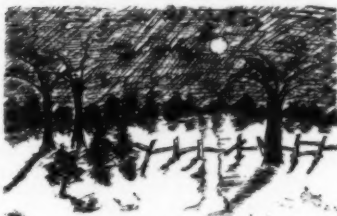


BY VICTOR WHITLOCK, AGE 14.

Anne Sellack is sixteen, and her pretty lines give promise of better work to come:

Oh, naught is more fair than the woods in spring,
And naught is more sweet than its blossoms gay,
For winter and snow are passed away,
And joy and new life are in everything.

And now we will close the "gems" with an evening pic-



BY ELIZABETH S. CRAMER, AGE 11.

ture by Ina M. Ufford. Miss Ufford is seventeen, and her work is full of a promise that in this stanza is more than half fulfilled.

Over the sky flames the red of the sunset,
Low in the east gleams the bright evening star;
Darker and darker the shadows are growing—
Night settles down on the hilltops afar.

EXTRACTS FROM A FEW LEAGUE LETTERS.

FROM Arthur W. Kennedy, Oshawa, Ontario:

"Mother saw the announcement of your League, and told me to write for your badge. . . . Perhaps my being a Canadian will debar me, but I hope not."

No one is debarred. The League already has members in every civilized nation.

Ida Crabbe, Cossins, New South Wales, says:

"We do not get your magazine until something over a month after it has been published. I have a camera, but I could not get an autumn scene at Christmas."

Beginning with April, we have allowed the young photographers to select their own subjects, so that by this time our Australian members are able to compete.

From Dorothy Coit, Milan, Italy:

"It is delightful! I am very anxious to compete. Must the contributions reach you by the date given?"

From American members, yes. Foreign contributions mailed on or before the 20th of each month will be entered.

From Mercedes, Ysabel, and Marhita Garcia, 24 Avenue d'Eylau, Paris:

"We think it would be a most delightful thing if we could have a chapter formed in Paris. We know some little American girls who live quite close to us. We are certain they would enjoy the plan. We hope you will print this, so they may know of our intention. Their names are Ansa and Carlotta Welles."

Bertha M. M. Wheeler, Fayetteville, New York, says:

"This League seems to me the pleasantest thing the editors of ST. NICHOLAS could have thought of to bring into close relationship the world-wide family of ST. NICHOLAS readers."

Mabel Bradley, London, England, writes:

"I am very interested in your League, though I am too old to enter the competitions. I wonder if you have any other readers who were born in the same month and year in which you published the first number of your delightful magazine?"

We have a plan in mind for forming a League of the older readers of ST. NICHOLAS, with suitable competitions, but as yet it is not fully developed.

From Scotland, Madeleine J. Neil writes:

"We have taken ST. NICHOLAS for eighteen years, and that is since before I was born."

And from Belgium writes Louise Sloet van Oldruitenborgh. We wonder how many young Americans there are who can write her language as well as she can write ours.

"DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken in your lovely magazine for the last three months. As I am a Belgium girl, I cannot write English like your girls. Please do excuse my faults. I will tell you about 'Marken Island.' It is a little place in Holland. Women are dressed very funny. They have two big curls, which falls on their shoulder. Their dresses are made with many different colours. They like very much to have their photo taken. Their houses are very little, and they are made like very old ones. In all Holland there are many different places where people are so funny dressed! It is now very cold here, and we are able to skate. Don't you think skating is lovely? Could I be a member of St. Nicholas League, and do the competition? I play piano and violin. I like very much music. I am now 13 years old. Now good-bye, dear ST. NICHOLAS.

"Yours faithful reader,

"LOUISE SLOET VAN OLDROUTENBORGH."



BY DONALD B. PRATHER, AGE 9.



BY HELEN PAULINE CROLL, AGE 14.



BY EGBERT C. VAN DER VEEN, AGE 14.

Other enjoyable letters have been received from Elizabeth V. Doub, Bertha Kyman, Sidney H. Kirshner, Ruth Gamble, Emory W. Thurston, Gladys Bumford, Risa Lowie, Nellie Boyer, E. Bunting Moore, Lucy and Mary Bastien, Margaret P. Wotkins, Grace Burbank, Alice Pearson, Mae Geary, and Agnes Sherlock of the Buffalo public schools. Miss Sherlock says:

"As one of Buffalo's public-school teachers, I have become much interested in the St. Nicholas League. I should be pleased to receive the leaflet and badge and become a member. The ST. NICHOLAS has proved a great benefit in nature-study work in our school."

CHAPTERS.

No. 50. Philip P. Cole, President; Herman R. Ballow, Secretary; five members. Address, 979 Middle Street, Bath, Maine.

No. 51. Florence Smith, President; Margaret Marshall, Secretary; nine members. Address, 630 McLellan Street, Wausau, Wisconsin.

No. 52. Frances Skinner, President; Charles Rynd, Secretary; twelve members. Address, Box 282, Westfield, Chautauqua County, New York.

No. 53. Faraday Bernhard, President; John R. Berryman, Jr., Secretary; seven members. Address, 407 Wisconsin Avenue, Madison, Wisconsin.

No. 54. Carl Schuster, President; Willie Hall, Secretary; five members. Address, Richelieu Hotel, West Superior, Wisconsin.

No. 55. Ethel Dean, President; Helen A. Crosby, Secretary; ten members. Address, 1213 Charles Street, St. Joseph, Missouri.

No. 56. Jessie Woolworth, President; Edyth Rickhardt, Secretary; eight members. Address, 1042 Madison Avenue, New York City.

No. 57. The "Lawton." William Collins, President; Lawrence Winters, Secretary; twenty-eight members. Address, 2250 First Avenue, New York City.

No. 58. Lydia Littell, President; Elsie Bardwell, Secretary; six members. Address, Yunkhannock, Wyoming County, Pennsylvania.

No. 59. Eleanor Crawford, President; Lorraine Roosevelt, Secretary; eleven members. Address, Eden Hotel, Rome, Italy.

No. 60. Nine members. Address, Lynxville, Wisconsin.

No. 61. Mrs. Hall, President; Bella Holden, Secretary; seven members. Address, Richelieu Hotel, West Superior, Wisconsin.

No. 62. Minnie Van Campen, President; Carroll Daniels, Secretary; eighty-two members. Address, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

No. 63. Charley Stone, President; Mildred Yale Anthony, Secretary; twenty-five members. Address, 27 Summer Street, Taunton, Massachusetts.

No. 64. Grace Phelps, President; Mamie Hatton, Secretary; seven members. Address, Malvern, Chester County, Pennsylvania.

No. 65. The "William Penn." Howard P. Rocky, President; George B. Clay, Secretary; nine members. Address, 1320 Ridge Avenue, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

No. 66. Mrs. C. L. Mann, President; Carl L. Mann, Secretary; seven members. Address, 124 Farwell Avenue, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

No. 67. Clara Hukill, President; Margaret Lay, Secretary; ten members. Address, 216 Reed Street, Oil City, Pennsylvania.

Eighteen chapters this month—six of them in Wisconsin. Many of the older chapters report increase of membership and good times. Most chapters collect small dues for current expenses, such as stationery, books, etc. Chapters in different parts of the world might correspond with one another, and derive pleasure and benefit from letters thus interchanged.

NATURE AND SCIENCE.

LEAGUE members who are interested in the scientific reasons of the many curious little facts of every-day life, and in how things grow, should give special attention to our Nature and Science department. League chapters especially would do well to make this a part of their regular reading, and when going into the woods they will find it most delightful to collect specimens for study and classification. Mysteries that they cannot solve may be sent to the Nature and Science editor as directed in that department.

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

A LIST of those whose work, though not used, either wholly or in part, has yet been found worthy of honorable mention.

POEMS.

Mollie C. Finegan
Ethel Robinson
Sarah Sansom Wilson
Risa Lowie
Helen J. Ripley
Marietta Greenfield
Grace Graef
Eleanor McCall Swift
Geraldine McGinnis

Althea Warren
Flora H. Towne
Arthur Meyer
Louise Jenkins
Ethel Kavin
Lucy White
Eleanor Hollis Murdock
Anna Clayton Frazer
Josephine Scott



BY ADDISON G. BROOKS, AGE 14.

Julia Robey
Clara J. Groth
Alice Knowles Spaulding
Margaret R. Brown
Doris Francklyn
Eleanor H. Adler
Hattie Wolf
Eleanor Shaw
Nellie Boyer
Alice C. J. Mills
James W. Capple

Florence Adams White
Elisabeth Campbell
Helen Dudley
Ann Drew
Frances B. Howland
R. G. Clemens
Elinor Hook
Margaret Hendrie
A. W. Kennedy
Helen Burrell Miller
Elizabeth C. Barrett

H. Orion Vance
Dorothy Burnet
Arnold Lahee
Richard Newhall
Charles Townsend Miller
Helen Geary
Katherine A. Schweinfurth
Lillian Brooks
Doris Tunbridge
Helen Maxwell
F. G. Baldwin
Katherine Duncan Upham
Fannie E. Way
Charlotte S. Woodford
Fred Carter
Katherine E. Foote

Donald Cole
Theodora Shaw
Sarah L. Wadley
Janette Bishop
Donald McMurray
De Alton Vanentine
D. Murray Worthington
Ruth Osgood
Melton R. Owen
Anna Sellers
Rachel Marie Hele Phipps
Martha Weightman
Dean Babcock
Nicholas Cuyler Bleeker
Kirtley Bowen Lewis
Austin Russell
George D. Smith

PROSE.

Irving Babcock
Helen E. Hall
Katherine Pope
Janet Golden
Eloise Rigley
Frances Spaulding
Elford Eddy
Geva Rideal
Ruth Elliot
Bernice J. Butler
Louise Eleanor Sampson
Carlos Mishler
John Jeffries
Marion F. Bettis
Mignonne Lincoln
Katharine J. Pattangall
Florence Townsend
Irene Kavin
Oleta Agnes Kellogg
Dorothy Ellen Siebs
Dorothy Calman

Katrina Page Brown
Maude R. Kraus
Charlotte Morse Hodge
Philip Jackson Carpenter
Henry Ten Eyck Perry
Margaret G. Blaine
Louisa Hodge
Russell S. Reynolds
Thomas Greenleaf Blakeman
Elsie Steinheimer
Helen Ruft
Gertrude Helen Schirmer
Helene Marie Boas
Bessie Lewis
Mabel Gant
Henrietta Jacob
Margaret Stevens
Lee Douglas
Dorothy Morris
Dorothy Annis Conner
Marjorie Clare
Louise Ruggles

DRAWINGS.

Isadore Douglas
Clare Carrier
Fred Donseif
May B. Cooke
Margaret E. Conklin

Rosine Raoul
Doris Chittenden
James McKell
Ina Cerimboli
Edward C. Day

PHOTOGRAPHS.

Robert Allis Hardy (blue)
Frederic C. Smith
Howard Morris
Andrew Ortmyer
Philip Greeley Clapp
Hamilton M. Brush
Marguerite Jackson
R. F. White
George H. Stewart, Jr.

PUZZLES.

S. Deane Arnold
Ruth Perkins Vickery
Mary B. Camp
Will O. Jelleme
Fred Greenleaf
Mary G. Osborne
Madeleine Dickie
Marie Hammond
B. L. Dolbear
Bessie Greene
Edyth Pickhardt

E. Poston
Irving Saul
Mary Vosburg
Muriel Mersereau
Anna McCandlish
Laura Willard Platt
Bessie Talford
John Shepard
Katchen T. Geist
Cynthia Wesson
Bessie Cowee

The prize puzzles and others selected for publication, as well as the list of puzzle-answerers, will be found in the regular Riddle-box.

PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 8.

Prize Competition No. 8 will close on May 22. The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in *ST. NICHOLAS* for August.

POEM. Not to contain over twenty-four lines, and to relate in some manner to vacation, or the vacation season.

PROSE. Not to contain over four hundred words, and to relate some incident, accident, or adventure on or by the water (river, lake, pond, brook, or sea).

DRAWING. In India or very black writing-ink, and only on white paper. The subject to be selected by the artist.

PHOTOGRAPH. Any size, mounted or unmounted, but no blue prints. Photographers to select their own subjects.

PUZZLE. Any sort, but the more original in form and method, the better.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to the puzzles in this number of *ST. NICHOLAS*.

Gold and silver badges will also be awarded best illustrated stories and poems, as follows:

ILLUSTRATED POEM. Not to contain over twenty-four lines, and illustrated with not more than three drawings or photographs by the author, who may select subject.

ILLUSTRATED STORY OR ARTICLE. Not to contain over four hundred words, and illustrated with not more than three drawings or photographs by the author, who is also to select the subject.

WILD ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun.

For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird, taken in its natural home: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, the League gold badge.

Remember, every contribution of whatever kind must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE,
Union Square, New York City.



BY ELIZABETH COOLIDGE,
AGE 10.

THE LETTER-BOX.

In reply to an inquiry whether the story of "A Little American Girl at Court" was true, the author sent this explanation:

One day we were in the organ-loft of an old German cathedral. Our friend the organist was seated before the instrument, drawing forth wonderful harmonies from the worn old keys, when some one asked him to let us hear the organ in its fullest strength. He replied that the tones would be almost deafening where we then stood, and conducted us to the opposite end of the church, where he unlocked a door, and ushered us into the King's *Loge*—the space set apart for the royal family when they attend church service.

While seated there I discovered at the back of the box a doorway, which opened, I knew, into a covered bridge leading above the street to the adjoining palace; and it occurred to me that if one might pass this door, it would be a simple matter to cross the covered way, and, if fortune favored, enter the palace, perhaps even coming unawares upon his Majesty himself.

No sooner had this idea entered my mind than a little maiden of my fancy caught at the suggestion, and became the heroine of the story as written.

WE have received several letters addressed to Miss Joyce Sheldon, but we have not her street address. Will she kindly send it to the editor?

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am going to write and tell you about a kindersymphonie we had last summer. There were fourteen boys and girls in all, and we all had different instruments to play on. The name of the symphony was "The Sleigh-ride." I had to open the concert by playing a bugle-call upon the trumpet, which is a very bad thing to play on, as if you get laughing it is simply impossible to blow. When we all got fairly started it was really quite effective, as there were so many different sounds: the piano, the trumpet, the bells, the zobo, the drum, the castanets, and many others. In the middle of it a boy and myself played the zobo, which is very hard to keep in tune. After the symphony a great many boys and girls played both duets and single pieces upon the piano, after which we had cake, ice-cream, and lemonade. Taking it altogether it was really quite a success. I enjoy so much reading your magazine, but I do not think that last month it was quite as good as it usually is. Hoping to see this printed in the Letter-box next month,

Very truly yours, ARABELLA SMITH.

ADANA, TURKEY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl living in Turkey. My father is a missionary here. We used to live in Erzerum, but were moved to Adana, and have only been here two or three weeks.

My brother and I have been taking you for a year and a half. The first copy reached us on my birthday. My uncle, Mr. Talcott Williams of Philadelphia, sends you to us. Our favorite stories are "Denise and Ned Toodles" and "The Story of Betty."

As it is only two or three days from here to Smyrna, mama and papa have sent my brother Talcott to be educated at an American boarding-school there.

The streets here are very narrow and dirty. The other day, as we were driving down to the station, we met some buffalo-carts right in the road, so we had to turn and go another way; but there also we met one, and so had to wait till they unloaded it and moved it out of the way; again we drove on till we saw a string of them ahead of us, so we turned another way. After that we saw no more, and reached the station in time.

As it is very hot here the people sleep on the roofs in a kind of roughly made wooden bedstead with four poles at each corner, around which some of them draw a curtain. It is so funny to go up on the roof and see all these bedstead-like things on every roof. And in the morning, when you look out of the window, you can see everybody getting up.

Yours truly,
KATE E. CHAMBERS.

Milton Lionel Dymoke writes from Scranton, Pennsylvania, that he is a descendant of the Dymokes, hereditary "Royal Champions" of England, told about in the March number. He says "Scrivelsby" is the correct spelling of the manor, and that the correct name of the present champion is "Francis Scaman Dymoke." The ancestor of the American family is Thomas Dymoke, who came from Barnstable, England, about 1630. We thank our young "champion," and appoint him "Loyal Champion of the United States."

Ida Louise Schmidt corrects Mr. E. S. Brooks's statement that Cromwell has no statue in England, and asserts that there is one in Manchester. Will some of our Manchester readers tell us about it?

Miles B. Hutson writes about the spring flowers in Texas, and, though his letter was dated in February, incloses a number of those in bloom.

Eleanor Girouard writes from Ottawa that she has a brother fighting in the South African war; Lucy M. Garrett says that when she was a baby Miss L. M. Alcott, a friend of her mother's, has held her in her arms; Marguerite Beatrice begs for "some rousing boys' stories," and would like to write letters to Joyce Sheldon; an excellent descriptive letter comes from Harry Pablo Jermison—as nearly as we can decipher his name; E. F. Hitchcock has a clever cat; Gordon S. M—describes a miniature theater made by himself; Dorothea Potter writes of her pets; Alexander Dubin, "a beginner of everything," sends an answer to a puzzle; Cora and Nora Beville, English girls, describe a visit to Avranches, Normandy; Roy Sampson relates his trip on Lake Erie; Catharine B. Hooper says she cannot "guess what boys and girls did when there was no St. NICHOLAS." But space is limited, and we can only say "thank you" to these whose names follow:

Ruth, Mabel, and Julia Worthington, Dick Kerley, Ida W. Lentillion, Julia M., Marie Sellers, Winifred Rogers, Katharine Egan, Adah Marks, Charlotte Tootalin, Frances Lebas, Ruth E. Jones, E. L. Miller, Marion Schreiber, Dorothy Ridgeley, Adele Mitchell, Margaret and Helen Perry, Ruth Rinehart, Henrica Wallace, Harry H. Acheson, Thomas H. Kelly, Leila Kerr, Mamie Moore, Geraldine Hopkins, Edna Bennett, Katherine Chapin, John Schmidt, Dorothy Enger, Harriette Chapman, Herbert Bailey, Mabelle Case, Charlotte Whitney, Evelyn Wilson, M. F. O., Alan McDonald, Hans Froelicher, Muriel D., Richard Carter, Gwendolyn Wickersham, Helen Carter.

THE RIDDLE BOX

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER.

ABBREVIATIONS AND ACROSTIC. Primals, Huli; centrals, anon; finals, gowk. 1. Change. 2. Junior. 3. Allowa. 4. Tinker.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.

NOVEL DIAGONAL. Centrals, Touchstone. CROSS-WORDS: 1. Chest. 2. Negro. 3. Croup. 4. Dutch. 5. Ashen. 6. Essay. 7. Atoll. 8. Dogma. 9. Never. 10. Elite.

A CONCEALED CENTRAL ACROSTIC. "Yorick" and "Hamlet."
1. Maybe. 2. Aroma. 3. Verse. 4. Olive. 5. Raced. 6. Maker. 7. Other. 8. Heart. 9. Comet. 10. Talon. 11. Shear. 12. Hotel.

FLORAL CROSS. Centrals, Easter Festival. CROSS-WORDS. 1. Stems. 2. Agave. 3. Cockscorn. 4. Heartsease. 5. Goldenrod. 6. April. 7. Tufts. 8. Green. 9. Roses. 10. Aster. 11. Spine. 12. River. 13. Carnation. 14. Sunflower.

WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Scarfs. 2. Camera. 3. Amused. 4. Rested. 5. Freeze. 6. Sadden. II. 1. Sires. 2. Trench. 3. Rector. 4. Entire. 5. Scored. 6. Shreds.

RHYMED DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Initials, Trinculo; finals, Tarleton. CROSS-WORDS: 1. Tempest. 2. Regalia. 3. Integer. 4. Neutral. 5. Caviare. 6. Unquiet. 7. Livorno. 8. Ottoman.

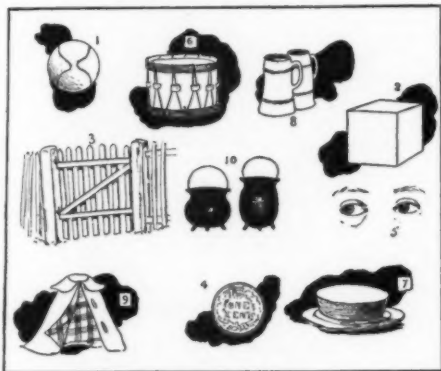
ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Clay. 1. Crowd. 2. Lamp. 3. Anchor. 4. Yak.—CHARADE. Benefits.

TO OUR PUZZLES: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY Co., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before February 15th, from Joe Carlada—Marjorie and Caspar—"The Sisters Twain"—Paul Reese—Edith L. Lauer—The Thayer Co.—Florence Goldman—Peggy and I—"Allil and Adi"—"Jack-in-the-box"—Hildegard G.—Kathrine Forbes Liddell—Agnes Kennard—Barbara Eleanor Smythe—Eleanor Felton.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before February 15th, from Florence and Edna, 5—No name, Phila., 5—Mary J. and Emily F. Mapes, 4—G. L., 1—Helen Stroud, 5—Musgrave Hyde, 8—Mary Learned Palmer, 8—William and Ernest, 8—Louise Robinson, 1—William Floyd Crosby, 3—C. James, 6—L. D., 6—William Finlaw Leary, 7—Marguerite Fellows, 3—Marguerite Sturdy, 7—Bertha W. and Joseph T. Steinacker, 7—C. A. A., 6—Sarah Brace Coe, 1—Marion and Julia Thomas, 8—Mary Lester Brigham, 7—Franklin Ely Rogers and "Ria," 4—A. E. Wigram, 7—Philip Beebe, 8.

ILLUSTRATED ZIGZAG.



ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below the other in the order numbered, the zigzag (beginning at the upper left-hand letter) will name something suggestive of spring.

JESSIE DAY (League Member).

AMPUTATIONS.

WHEN the following words have been rightly guessed, each word may be beheaded and curtailed and a word will remain. Example: g-rap-e. When the following amputations have been rightly guessed, a four-line verse will be formed.

1. Amputate a bandage, and leave a very common article. 2. Amputate a faction, and leave skill. 3. Amputate a paper toy, and leave a pronoun. 4. Amputate to desire, and leave a common verb. 5. Amputate to cease, and leave a common preposition. 6.

Amputate a strong thread, and leave to gain. 7. Amputate not the same, and leave an article. 8. Amputate a select company, and leave skill. 9. Amputate to seek in marriage, and leave a pronoun. 10. Amputate mocks, and leave intellect. 11. Amputate to hinder, and leave a preposition. 12. Amputate melts, and leave to employ. 13. Amputate a small shrill pipe, and leave in that case. 14. Amputate frightens, and leave caution. 15. Amputate fills with reverence, and leave a pronoun. 16. Amputate bars for raising great weights, and leave always. 17. Amputate strong posts, and leave to procure. 18. Amputate is indebted, and leave a pronoun. 19. Amputate ciphers, and leave should. 20. Amputate tangles, and leave a word of refusal. 21. Amputate renders pliable, and leave frequently. 22. Amputate terminates, and leave to waste.

ADDIE S. COLLOM.

CHARADE.

My first my father says, I wis,
Should be pronounced to rhyme with "kiss";
But modern teachers have a trick
Of making it to rhyme with "stick."
My second is pronounced with ease,
And is a vowel found in "please."
My third and last I love to do
When peaceful lies the lake so blue.
Oh, had my whole ne'er lived, we had
(Poor weary "juniors") been right glad!

R. W. L.

NOVEL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, two rows of letters, reading downward, will name two spring flowers.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. One versed in the cabala. 2. Ditches. 3. To send abroad. 4. Increases. 5. One who is legally appointed by another to transact any business for him. 6. Drollest. 7. Concurred.

CARROLL R. HARDING (League Member).

CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below the other, the central letters will spell the name of a spring flower.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A common vegetable. 2. To withdraw. 3. Wished for. 4. A country of Europe. 5. Not deep. 6. Plaited. 7. Conveyed. 8. A precious stone.

HILDA C. TAIT (League Member).

A SPRING NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

(First Prize, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

MAY						
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		

I AM composed of thirty-one letters — one for every day in the month of May. When the words are rightly guessed and written in five lines, as indicated in the above calendar, each line will name something that is beautiful in the spring.

My 2-24-5-7-31 is vigilant. My 20-29-23-10-18-1 is manner. My 30-28-25-12 is a country of ancient Greece. My 22-6-4-26-14-28-5 is an English statesman. My 19-9-27-21-12 is the surname of a French political writer. My 13-17-11-16 is the surname of a Dutch painter. My 3-8-15 is an abbreviation used by companies who issue reading matter.

EDITH M. THOMPSON.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. A famous jester. 2. Opposite to the center of a ship's side. 3. A cage for hawks. 4. To lave. 5. One of the Mohammedan nobility.

GEORGE CHAPIN (League Member).

DIAGONAL.

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below the other, the diagonal, from the upper left-hand letter to the lower right-hand letter, will spell a spring flower.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A reckoning. 2. Very old. 3. To burn up. 4. Radiant. 5. To presume. 6. The spring flower named by the diagonal. 7. To beleaguer.

F. MILES GREENLEAF (League Member).

BURIED GARDEN VEGETABLES.

THE reversed name of a garden vegetable is hidden in each of the following sentences.

1. There was not a mother present who did not agree with the teacher.

2. Mother, I want to go to sleep. When he begins to preach can I? Psalms are so long.

3. No, my child; to keep you awake I will give you a piece of sugar; a psalm is too beautiful to miss.

4. Either rabbit or raccoon skin would do.
5. No; I now understand the matter, and I will not go.
6. If you want more pins, rap on that door and ask for them.
7. He waited patiently on the hard wooden settee, but she did not come.
8. He disposed of the dead rat summarily.
9. He placed a pigeon and a parrot at opposite corners.
10. The man was plainly insane, for he cut telegraph-wires down in his mad career.

ADDIE S. COLLOM.

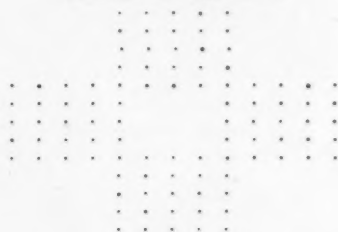
DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals and finals each name a spring flower.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. The surname of a famous English painter and engraver. 2. A musical term meaning moderately slow, but distinct and flowing. 3. To venerate. 4. A small piece of marble, earthenware, or the like, used by the ancients for mosaic. 5. A Spartan governor. 6. A Turkish official. 7. A South African antelope. 8. The largest cataract in the world.

FRANCES RICHARDSON (League Member).

CONNECTED SQUARES.



I. UPPER SQUARE: 1. Illustrious. 2. A common instrument for cutting. 3. Sky-blue. 4. The name of an opera. 5. Fancy.

II. LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Capable of being justified. 2. Solitary. 3. Confined to a definite district. 4. Unsuitable. 5. A letter of the Greek alphabet.

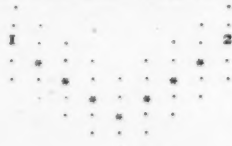
III. RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. The benevolent spirits of the dead. 2. To ward off. 3. An African. 4. Wrong opinion. 5. A large bird.

IV. LOWER SQUARE: 1. To gather a great quantity of. 2. To chew with a grinding, crunching sound. 3. Indignation. 4. A subdivision of an act. 5. A long, narrow piece cut or torn off.

F. W. F.

NOVEL DIAGONAL.

(Second Prize, St. Nicholas League Competition.)



READING DOWNWARD: 1. Something often found in museums. 2. A bird. 3. A wood nymph. 4. A sweet substance. 5. Foolish. 6. A measure of weight. 7. In India, a mounted soldier. 8. To subdue. 9. A small shoot or branch.

From 1 to 2, a spring blossom.

H. BURLEW SMITH.



OWNED BY THE EARL SPENCER, K.G., ALTHORP PARK.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPHURE, BY PERMISSION OF CARL GLUCKMANN, NEW YORK.

THE LITTLE UNKNOWN: STUDY OF A BOY, BY REMBRANDT.

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